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HIGH TIMES

OCTOBER 1985

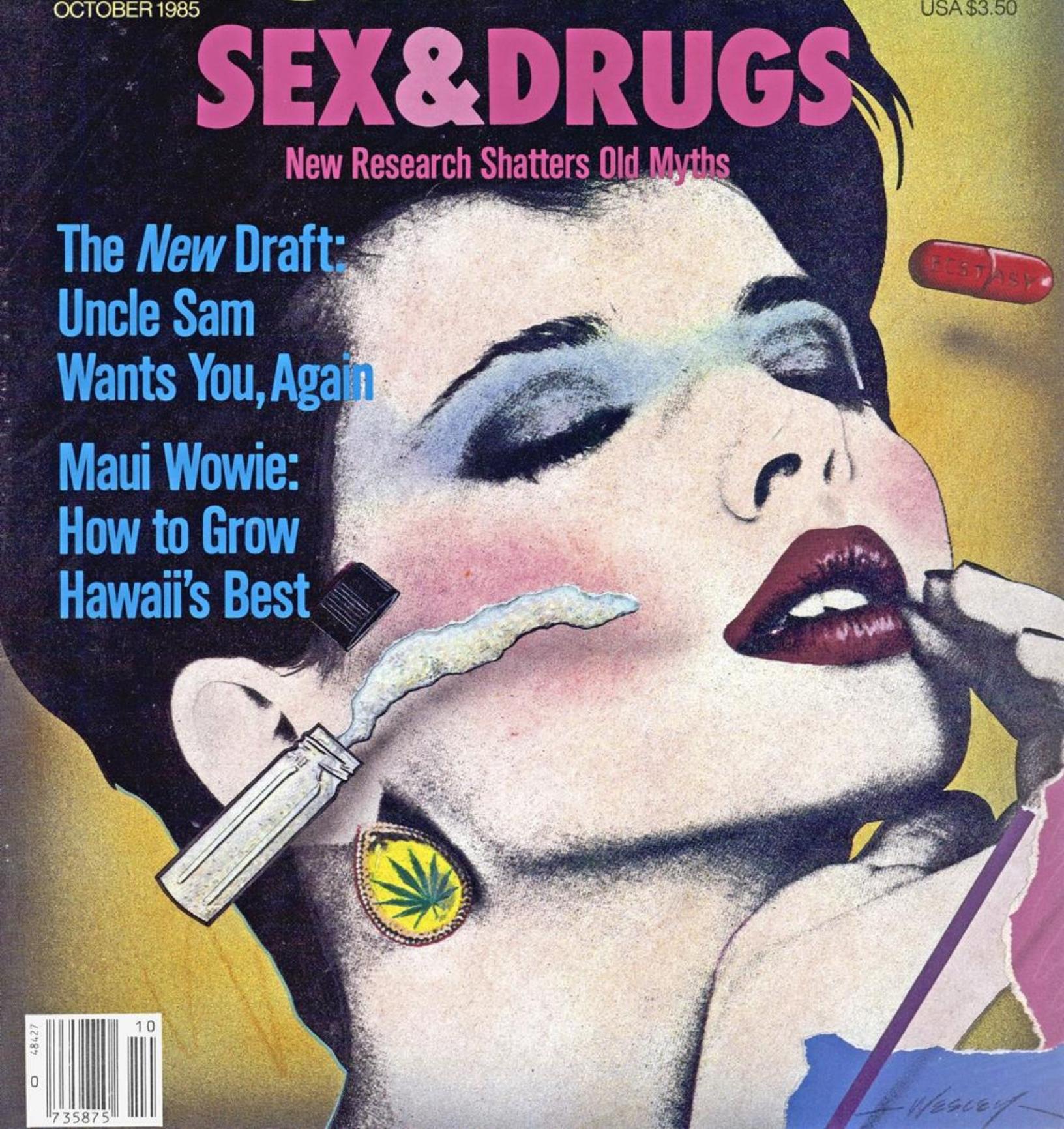
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October '85

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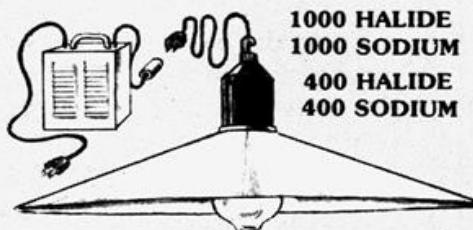
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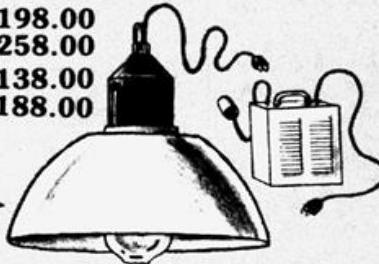
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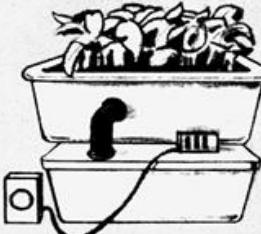


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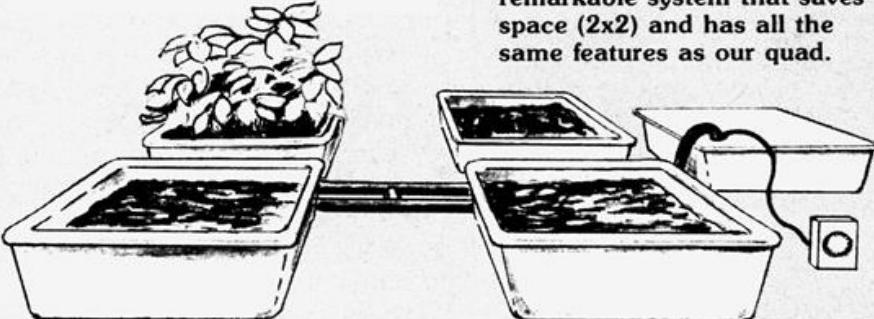
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Passing the True American Test

Every day, several phone calls and letters come in to HIGH TIMES about the same unsavory subject: urine-testing. As our article in this issue shows ("Big Brother in the Bathroom," by Joanne Gampel, page 56), this misguided process is becoming the rule rather than the exception in every area of American life, as if it were some kind of moral test for every "true" American. HIGH TIMES has been exposing this hoax for several years, but unfortunately, the voices of reason have not yet prevailed, and we find it necessary to report, again, on this offensive phenomenon.

The most often asked questions are: Is the test accurate? What can it detect? How long will traces of the THC show up in my system? What can I do if I feel the test is inaccurate? Is there any way to spoil the test? Can I be prosecuted if there is a positive reading? Ms. Gampel, a researcher with the Council on Marijuana and Health who has impeccable credentials, outlines the scope of the urinalysis problem and provides some surprising answers to these and other assumptions about the tests. In an upcoming issue, Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer will provide more answers with his in-depth study of the testing procedure itself, and a drug-by-drug analysis of how urine-testing works—or, more likely, doesn't work—in each case.

Aside from the unsavory nature of the testing itself, there are several larger issues at stake here, from the severely practical as pointed out by Ms. Gampel (the productivity of workers) to a gross invasion of the personal rights granted by the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights.



• Scientist examines urine-test sample.

The subject has become so serious that even an elegant, mainstream journalist like CBS's Diane Sawyer tackled the sticky subject in a hands-on way on a recent *60 Minutes* program; who could forget the well-groomed reporter holding up mislabeled tubes of urine taken from U.S. Air Force personnel and asking how the testing lab could possibly guarantee accurate results from such sloppy handling of the samples?

As always, it's HIGH TIMES which brings you the complete truth about a subject that many would like to ignore completely, much less actively complain about. But we believe there are many who will speak up when *their* rights are on the line—and the time to do so is now, before the right to effectively protest, as well as the right to personal privacy, is completely violated.

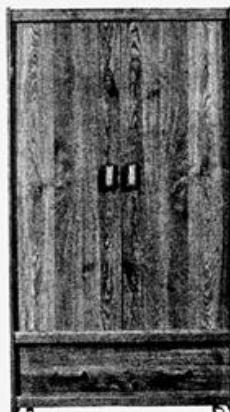
From on high,

John Howell
Editor-in-chief

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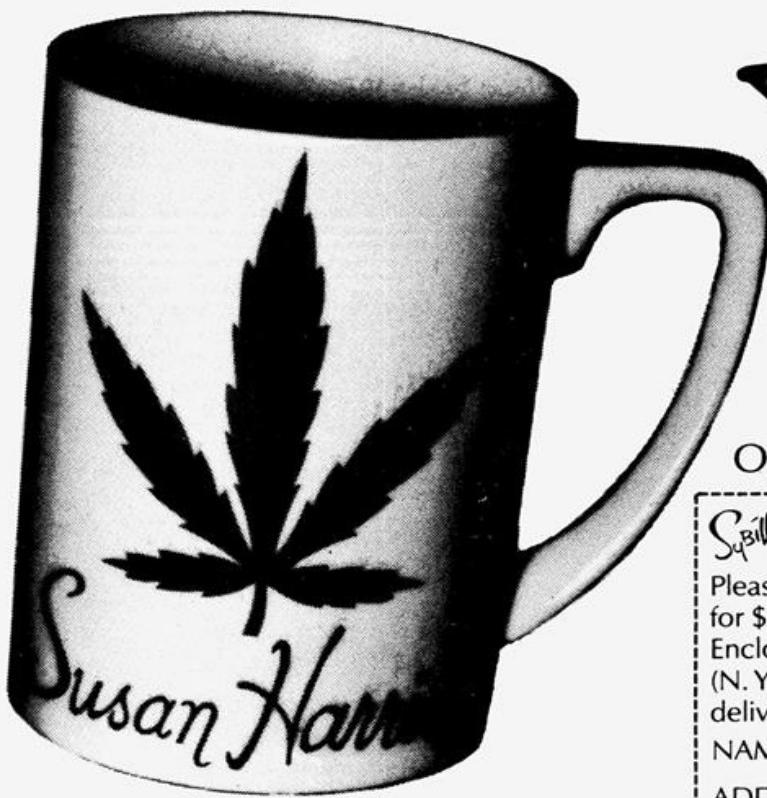
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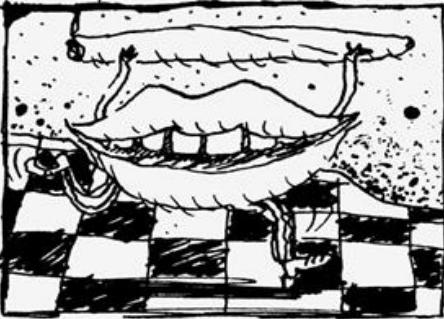
LETTERS

TV Lies

Recently I saw a commercial on TV that was presented by the Elks Club. This really pissed me off because they said that if you smoke pot for one year, you get as much lung damage as you would in twenty years of smoking cigarettes. Is this true? If it is, then you have been holding out on us. If it is not true, then can they say that on national TV?

I am calling on NORML and your magazine to SHIT OR GET OFF THE POT! It is up to your organizations to organize a program to get us heads together to launch a high public profile campaign to reclaim our rights.

I, for one, would like to see NORML make their own commercial in order to once and for all end the myths about pot. For example, I was told in my growing-up years



that once you tried pot, after a while it wouldn't be strong enough and you would end up on heroin. That philosophy is totally false, but people in even the thirty-to forty-year-old age bracket still believe it.

There is much ignorance about marijuana in this country. If an organization like the Elks can publicly lie, then NORML can go public with the TRUTH! May I suggest the Phil Donahue Show?

—A.T.

Behind the Zion Curtain

The Elks info you quote is absolutely false. We're with you: more truth. Television doesn't fact-check against lies, as you probably noticed even before the Elks' misinformation.—Ed.

Do Something

I am sick of the marijuana laws. I read all of the letters and articles every month in your magazine. Although I am a fairly new subscriber, I have bought your magazine off the store racks. I think it is about time "we the people" do something.

I have joined NORML in the pursuit of bringing about the seriously needed reform of that weed our government spends millions to try to stop. How can our country give money to other countries when 14 million of our own children are living in poverty?

What is even worse is this country's deficit. I feel guilty for electing these assholes to office. If all your readers, and I am sure there are many of them, would join with NORML, then maybe something can be done. At an estimated 30 million pot smokers, I think we should be able to do something.

—KCT

New Castle, Del.

A Simple Request

Please send a catalog of your publications, testing kits, etc. Thank you.

—S. Gibson

N. Las Vegas, Nev.

We print no catalog and we don't sell testing kits. For products info, see page 97.—Ed.

For the Record

In response to your response to Bob Cummings' letter in the July issue of HIGH TIMES, I think the cases you refer to represent a misuse of the word "addiction." The term addict is often applied to anyone who has abused drugs or alcohol, and this use is incorrect. An addict is someone who is incapable of returning to controlled use without relapsing into a cycle of compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of adverse consequences. Addiction is a disease, but obviously

/ continued on page 16

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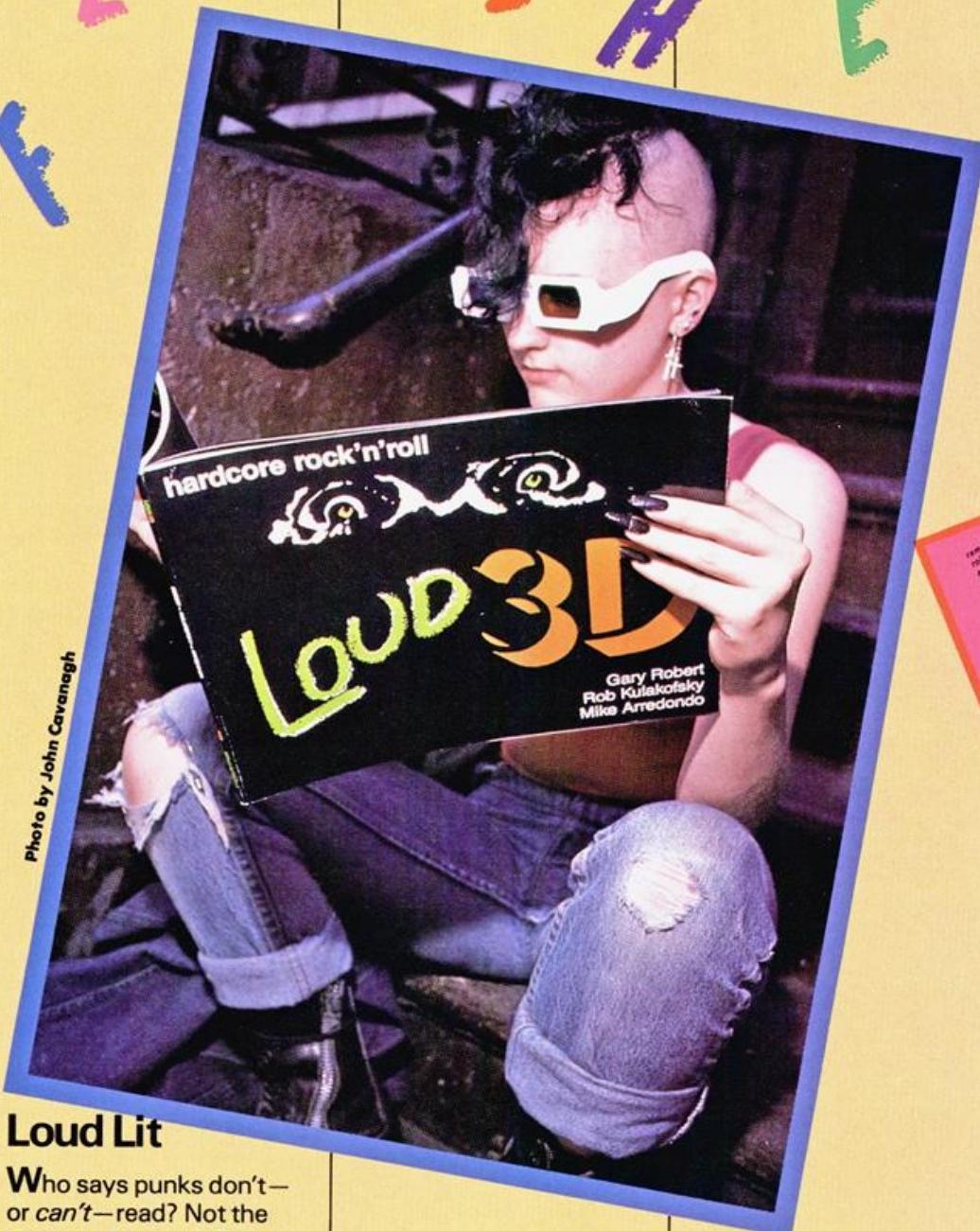
FLASHES

High-Namite Mag!

The coolest new mag paper to hit the planet since, well, since us, is *High Frontiers*, a neopsychedelic mixture of groovy visuals, psychedelic philosophy and far-out fun. Best read when under the influence of a recently-banned substance (hint: its first initial is M), HF is available for \$6.50 from Sacred Cow Mutilators, Inc., P.O. Box 40271, Berkeley, CA 94704. (415) 527-3373.



Photo by John Cavanagh



Loud Lit

Who says punks don't—or can't—read? Not the authors of *Loud 3-D*, a wild book packed with pics of raucous hardcore punk bands in explosive 3-D action. *Loud 3-D* is the first book to truly capture the vitality of the punk scene, by using fab fotos that leap right offa the page and into yo face! Whether or not you dig hardcore, *Loud 3-D* is one fun book. Available for \$12.95 (3-D glasses included) from IN3D, 5841 Geary Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94121.

"By far the worst form of incarceration is to be trapped within one's own powerlessness to help one's self... I thought I was in control of the drug and not vice versa."

— Stacy Keach comparing his cocaine addiction to his jail term

Sweet Sixteen

It's not always true that good things don't last. *Oh! Calcutta*, the "nudie musical" that shocked the straight world back in '69—and which was written by, among others, John Lennon, Sam Shepard and Jules Feiffer—recently celebrated its 16th b'day with an old-fashioned Sweet Sixteen party. There were plenty of burgers, onion rings, ice cream, scantily-clad cast members and a big birthday cake. *Oh!* what a party!



Deli-ghtful

J. & D. Charlebois of Ottawa, Canada were driving through upstate New York, looking for a spot to cure a case of the mobile munchies, when they spied the perfect place: none other than Stoner's Deli! As the cool Canadians note: "We thought everyone else should know that there's a deli out there that caters to folks like us. Stay high!"

Heads vs. Hogs

One would hesitate to say that the Yippies' annual Fifth Ave. Pot Parade was a bust, but for some folks, such as the smiling gent pictured here, that was exactly the case. Cops outnumbered potheads, and our man-on-the-scene said New York's "finest" were "like lions hungry for Christians." Martin Rampey (right) wasn't smiling for long, as the

cops smashed his camera, knocked him to the ground, and hauled him off to jail. When our photog tried to snap pics, they roughed him up, too. The fight for freedom goes on...



Photo by Carl Hultberg

D.C.'s Split Personality

by Julia Just

IT'S CHEAPER BY BUS and even by plane, but the best way to get to D.C. is to go by train; what dominates the skyline as you drive away from Union Station—most people drive in this town—is what Washington's all about. It's Capitol Hill, the Roman senate look: the Establishment made manifest. During the long, humid summers tourists are as numerous here as in any European capital, and follow Constitution Avenue toward the Tidal Basin and you're soon deep in tour-group territory. From there, you can see the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial and, across the water, the Jefferson Memorial. A little further down, though, the spirit of peaceful patriotism has acquired a definite subtext with the arrival of a monument made of black marble: the Vietnam Memorial. Built so low into the ground that you have to follow signs to find it, the Memorial attracts a steady number of people, always including a few looking for a particular name among the 58,022 carved in the monument's shiny, black surface.

In permanent counterpoint to official Washington, of course, is the culture of "Chocolate City," a label said to be coined by funkster George Clinton, referring to D.C.'s roughly 70 percent black population. The national media, not to mention residents of the predominantly white Northwest neighborhoods, have a way of overlooking even this definitive majority, but what is starting to get inner-city D.C. some real press attention is go-go, black dance music which originated in the city. Chuck Brown, one of the originators

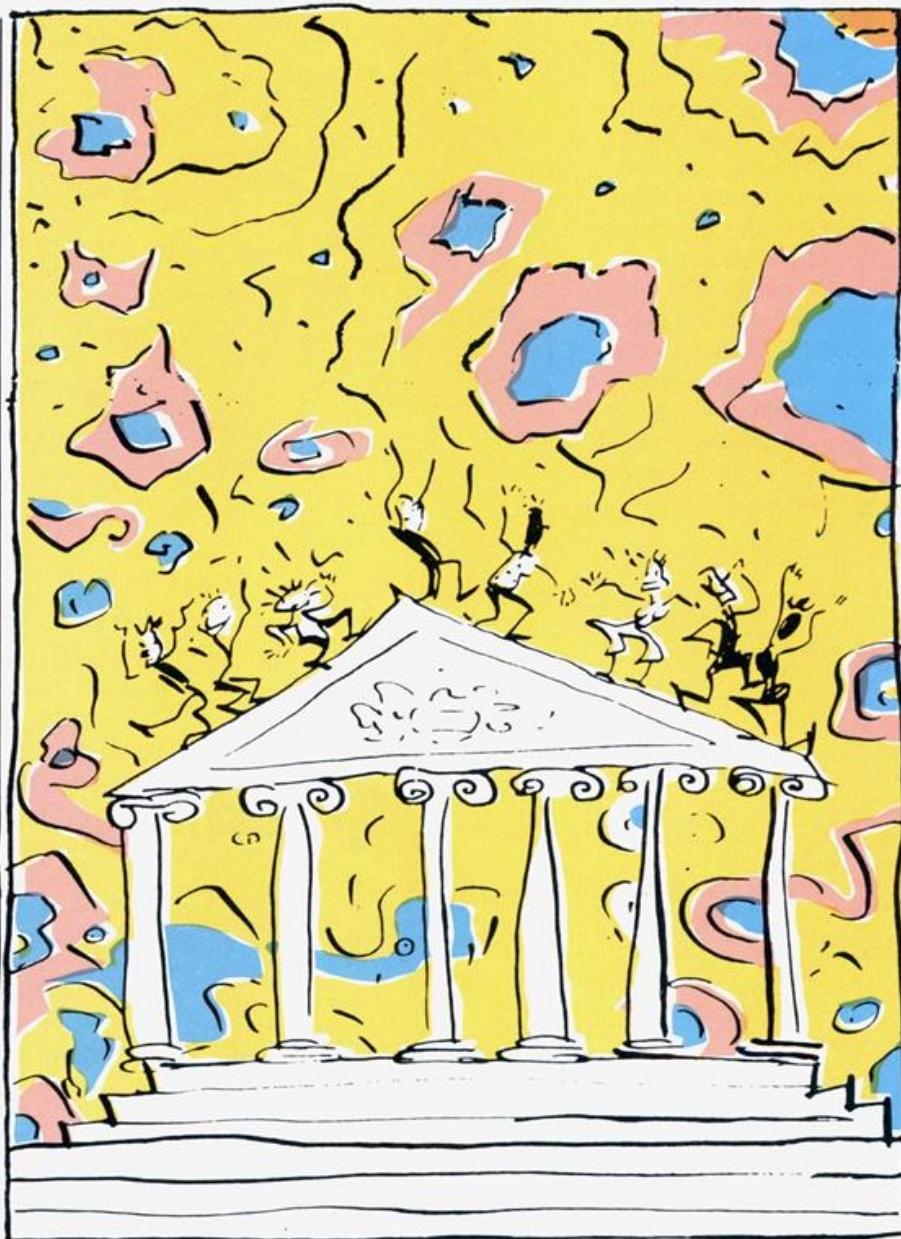


Illustration by Isabelle Dervaux

of go-go, has said that D.C. "could be another Motown." While hangouts like the U Street Masonic Temple and Cherry's attract an almost exclusively black following, for adventurous white fans the all-night go-go scene is something to experience.

ON THE MUSIC SCENE in general,

there's no question about it, D.C. has gotten hipper; in recent years, half a dozen rock clubs have started up and are doing a thriving business. The place to be is downtown, at spots like the 930 Club and D.C. Space, and, on M Street in Georgetown, Poseurs—a club which caters to punks on the dance floor downstairs, and more conservative po-

Our nation's capital embodies the contradictions of American society

seurs at the bar upstairs. Most clubs in the city, though, are more like Georgetown Library, an expensive-looking but not exactly chic disco, which has an amiable following ranging from young professionals, both black and white, to college students in search of new and probably extraordinarily brief relationships.

One problem with Washington's sense of style, its boring, white-wine image, is a lack of thrift shops. Everyone seems to have an uncool, new look, and what bona fide New York imports there are don't stray beyond Fiorucci's and the occasional Japanese designer. On the weekend, even punks do as all others do: shop in Georgetown. A site of anti-war protests in the '60s because Administration officials lived there, Georgetown is now the place where everybody goes to hang out, since, during the day, downtown can look as deserted as Cheyenne, Wyoming.

GEORGETOWN IS ALSO the place to find some of the better small art galleries in Washington, but art in this city, like politics, is mostly official; it's the shows at the National Gallery and the Phillips that get the government funding. Gallery owners and artists will also tell you that the Washington art scene deserves better recognition than the "gossip columnist" coverage it gets from the local papers, and other problems include the fact that new work has relatively few venues and there are no lofts in this nonindustrial city. Experimental theater has been only somewhat better off, also relying on very few outlets, but with the arrival of the controversial, 26-year-old director Peter Sellars to the staid Kennedy Center this winter, things may be looking up.

SO, INROADS ARE BEING MADE. They may be as hairline cracks in the dam of respectability, but they're there. Above all, Washington is a city that has gained a subway system that looks like something out of 2010, but where you can still get "Mission Impossible" on TV. If you have to visit the monuments, go at night when they're all floodlit amid enormous, deserted meadows. One caveat, though; in what must be some bureaucrat's idea of a joke, all signs for Lincoln Memorial parking seem to lead straight to Alexandria, Virginia. It happens every time. □

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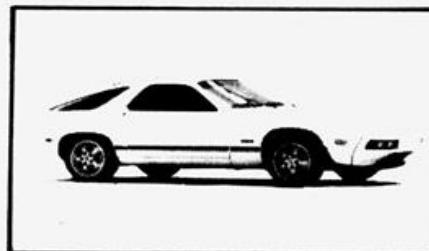
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Ask Cookie Mueller

HIYA KIDS. HERE I am again, the monthly nag, the pain in the koolo, trying once more to enlighten you to some horrifying fact or drug- or health-related truth. This month I have some more grisly news. This time it's about animals, not humans, but there's a link here that pertains to human health.

Under the guise of beneficial science, there is a lot of research going on with animals that is mortifying, repugnant and disturbing. Hearing of it took the wind right out of my sails.

I am a dog and horse lover. I've also owned every pet imaginable: goat, monkey, cat, frogs, snakes, birds, turtles, mice, rabbits—you name it. I have always owned a dog and I have never abandoned any of the others, although at times when it came to the cat and the goat I certainly wanted to. Felines sure can try a person's patience. And this goat! I tried patience many times. (Now they're both very happy and healthy, living with less demanding parents in British Columbia.)

Anyway, I suppose you've all heard of the Draize rabbit-eye irritation tests where the cosmetic industry routinely subjects rabbits to "clinical studies." Scientists smear ammonia, nail polish remover, concentrated shampoos and hair sprays into these animals' eyes because rabbits have no tear ducts for tearing and cleansing of their eyes. So you can imagine what happens to these rabbits. Also, there's the household

product industry, which determines the toxicity of detergents and floor waxes by injecting gallons of these products into the stomachs and under the skin of dogs, cats and calves. Of course this results in vomiting, diarrhea, respiratory distress, convulsions and paralysis. This is called Lethal Dose 50 Test. Then there's military testing where thousands of animals have been



exposed to nerve gas and atomic radiation to supposedly prepare humans for World War III. To say these animals get sick is an understatement.

The other "bad guys" include the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Society and the March of Dimes. Who would have thought that these guys were the bad guys? Some of their research money is spent on projects which

torture animals.

While these sadists are tinkering with lives of animals to find answers, the answers lie in educating people about better nutrition and bad habits which lead to diseases like cancer, heart disease, etc. If you want to know more about these atrocities aimed at our four-legged friends, here's the address. They'll send you info: PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), P.O. Box 42516, Washington, DC 20015.

*Dear High Advisor,
What are amino acids? Where do they come from and how do I get them? I need them, don't I? I take vitamins but does this mean I get the amino acids too?*
—Sharon Morrison
Morristown, Pa.

I'm glad somebody finally asked this question. Amino acids are so important that a complete book could and should be devoted to them (maybe this book already exists—if not, maybe Isaac Asimov could do it). All proteins contain four essential elements: carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. These four elements are bonded together to form compounds called amino acids. They're the building blocks of proteins,

in fact, the base element of all life.

To supplement your intake of amino acids, you ought to take plenty of brewer's yeast every day.

*Dear High Advisor,
I have one question. Is sex addictive? I jack off about eight times a day. It's really getting in the way at work, but I can't seem to stop.*

Last week the cat got out of the bag. I was working late at my computer terminal when the urge hit. I didn't think anyone was still in the shop so I acted on the urge. Well, my boss walked in and the shock made me cum all over the place. This caused my boss (a woman) and me a great deal of embarrassment. We are still on speaking terms, but I think I'll

A plea for animal rights; confessions of a sex addict

have to quit.

Now here's the addictive thing: that orgasm I had in the office was the best I've ever had. Since that day, I've wanted to get caught again. I've started to jack off in public places. Is this natural? Is there a Masturbators Anonymous?

—Worried
Canton, Ohio

Everything is natural when it comes to sex. Far, far more bizarre things exist under this old sun than exhibitionism. Why don't you make some money at it while you're doing it? Put it to creative and artistic use. Go get into a porno film, or get a job in one of the sex theaters. Otherwise, don't worry about it. Everybody has their little quirks when it comes to sex.

By the way, there isn't a "Masturbators Anonymous," but there is a Sex-aholic Anonymous. You might want to check it out... at least to meet some other interesting types like you. Wait until you hear some of their stories. Your mind will be at rest.

And about your boss... well, I can imagine the embarrassment!! You could break the ice and ask her for a date. No, seriously, the incident will be forgotten and stored away, as if it were a dream for her.

Dear High Advisor,
I've often heard the term spontaneous combustion. What the hell is it anyway and does it really exist at all, or is it the figment of some dumb hype, and of excitement lovers?

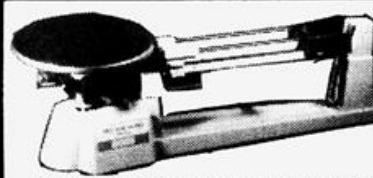
—Spontaneous Tim Holland

Address withheld

I grew up in a household where there were too many books; they were all over the place. My mother and father loved them and my aunt thought they were decorative, so everybody was bringing them into the house every day. There were at least seven or eight dictionaries floating around. They're really handy for occasions like these. Okay, once again, the dictionary meaning: The bursting into flame of a substance because of heat produced by its own rapid oxidation and not by flame etc. from an external source. Now my definition: If you have a bunch of oily rags stored where the air doesn't move around a lot, the heat from the oil

/ continued on page 17

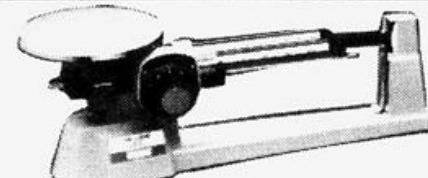
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Letters

/ continued from page 8

not everyone who has abused drugs or alcohol is a victim of the disease.

Hope this helps clear up the misconception.

Peace and Health,

—Rick Seymour
Haight-Ashbury Clinic
San Francisco, Calif.

Thanks, Rick, for clearing up what was an unfortunate choice of words on our part. We had our wise-guy face on when we answered Cummings' letter back in July, thus our response did not do justice to this serious issue. Cummings' point about our use of the word "reformed" when referring to ex-addicts (specifically Mackenzie Phillips and Papa John) was well taken. "Reformed" usually refers to ex-criminals, and we did not mean to imply that drug addicts are criminals per se. The drug-treatment community feels that the word "recovering" more aptly describes former addicts, and we're happy to go along with the terminology of these concerned professionals.—Ed.

"R" You With Us?

Editor:

HIGH TIMES is an invaluable magazine, and I am a loyal reader who started with the first issue back in 1974. I had a pretty hard time accepting that all the old Madison, Wisconsin people got purged from the magazine, but I suppose it was appropriate for 1984. I realize that "R" might have struck some people as long-winded and opinionated, but he seemed to me to have integrity and intelligence. Did he quit to go jogging or was he made to walk the plank?

In spite of such cruel editorial massacres, I decided to renew my subscription. By the way, aside from Highwitness News and Latimer's customary brilliance, the caliber of your publication is distinctly inferior to that put out by the old staff. Obviously I'm not impartial—nevertheless I am correct.

—Ollie Steinberg
St. Paul, Minn.

Glad to hear we're still invaluable, but we can't agree that we're "inferior." The February issue is the first step toward a HIGH TIMES for the '80s which will be better than before.

Obviously we're not impartial; nevertheless we are correct. As for "R", he requested and received a sabbatical to pursue some personal writing projects. We miss him too.—Ed.

Pot Scams

Some time ago there was an ad for legal marijuana put out by MSES Incorporated. Being a little suspicious, I put off sending in a request, fearing it was a sting or just pure bullshit. Eventually I sent in about six months ago, out of curiosity. The letter I received asked, "Remember the last time you bought marijuana? What was the quality like, and the price?" Then the letter went on to explain that a legal form of marijuana has been discovered that contains the same chemicals, in an inactive form, as illegal marijuana! Furthermore, they wrote that through intensive research they have discovered a quick, easy,



two-step process to activate these chemicals! They go on to say you can order two pounds of this stuff, plus a copyrighted transcript describing the easy two-step process to turn the stuff into high-quality marijuana—all for \$105. Does HIGH TIMES know anyone who has purchased this stuff? If you used the process, would it be made illegal? How many cops come with the order? Sounds like bullshit to me. The letter finished up by saying, "delayed by legal difficulties."

—Name and Address Withheld
Indiana

We make every reasonable effort to screen out ripoff artists and other charlatans from the HIGH TIMES ad space, but inevitably one slips through from time to time. We've never been able to contact the people who placed that "Free Marijuana" ad, but apparently they were only selling details for some complicated scheme by which certain legal plants, like hops or what-

ever, might be chemically treated or crossbred or rearranged somehow to produce THC—the intoxicating element in marijuana. We had not heard that these people were also purporting to be able to sell the stuff themselves; that's news to us, because attorneys advise us that even if this conversion process were possible to execute (and chemists advise us that it's not), the resulting THC would be just as illegal as real THC. If you, or anyone else who's gotten a response from these people, would care to send us a copy of whatever you received, we might see if we can get the Post Office interested in investigating the possibility of mail fraud.—Ed.

Centerfolds: Dope or Nope?

My favorite thing in HIGH TIMES has always been the centerfolds, so I was glad to see your June centerfold got back to what it's really all about: dope. I mean, yeah, that yuppie junkie thing [HIGH TIMES, May '85] was funny, and I thought it was cool that you slammed those fucking yuppies. (I am sick of reading shit that glorifies those assholes.) But you should have put that with the article, *not* in the centerfold. I've read all your stuff about the "new" HIGH TIMES, but I want to remind you that the best thing about the "old" HIGH TIMES was the dope centerfolds. *Don't fuck with the centerfold!*

—A True Doper
Flagstaff, Ariz.

We enthusiastically agree that the best thing—or at least one of the best things—about the "old" HIGH TIMES was the centerfolds. And we're determined to uphold that tradition. But while the vast majority of our centerfolds will remain dope-oriented, we will occasionally run something different if we believe it's truly a visual mind-blower.—Ed.

ERRATA

The photo of the Dogmatics in our music column on page 90 of the July '85 HIGH TIMES should have been credited:
© 1985 B.C. Kagan.

Susan Carson should have been credited for her nature photograph on page 48, upper lefthand corner, in HIGH TIMES, August 1985. We regret this oversight.

Advisor

/ continued from page 15

and oxygen will very, very slowly accumulate, and the temperature will rise, and the rags will ignite. While the house is burning down because of the rags that were in the corner of the storage space for so many years, the firemen will shake their heads and say, "Another case of spontaneous combustion, Ed. Wouldn't you say?" "Yep, spontaneous combustion. I seen it every other day. Yep."

Spontaneous combustion is a matter of kinetics, chemical kinetics. Buy a dictionary and look that up.

*Dear High Advisor,
I have many friends who are over-indulging in cocaine and vodka. They are going too far, I feel. What can I do? I know that they're killing themselves. I tell them that this stuff is slow poison.*

—Francis Hannah
Greenville, S.C.

Slow poison? You got that half right. The abuse of alcohol and cocaine is just about as quick a killer of both body and spirit as can be found on this planet. Why do your friends combine them? Well, vodka helps take the edge off the coke high, and the cocaine allows them to consume mass quantities of the Soviet national drug and still stay conscious so they can consume more vodka and coke. That said, we must point out that cocaine abuse damages the body in ways too numerous—and depressing—to go into here. But one of the places it does some nasty damage is in the liver. And surely everyone realizes that the liver is the bodily organ that is most negatively affected by alcohol, and the liver is one important little organ. When vodka and cocaine go to work together on someone's poor little liver, the damage done is multiplied geometrically. And that doesn't even take into account the damage done to the human spirit, which is enormous. Do anything you can to convince your friends to get help as soon as possible. A friend in need, etc. These friends need your help, whether they want it or not.

'Nuff said. □

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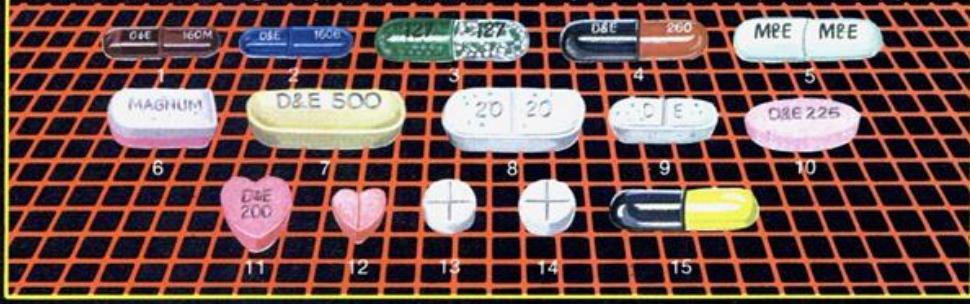
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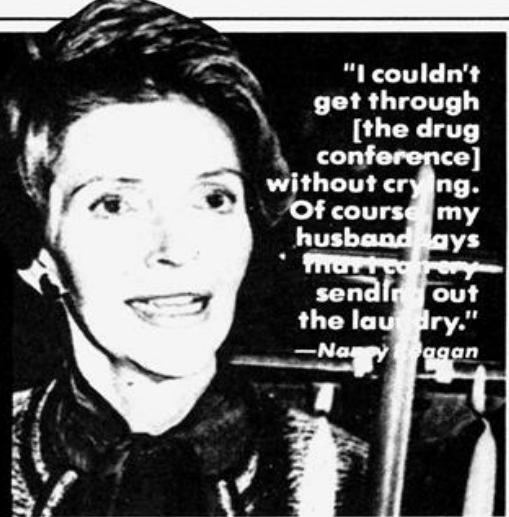
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Highwitness NEWS

OCTOBER '85

NO. 122



Wide World

MPTP "BRAIN DAMAGE DOPE" FLOODS W. COAST SUBURBS



Photo by Steve Cooper

- "Synthetic Demerol" often looks much like brown sugar.

by Dean Latimer

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"**T**HERE ARE THREE things we ask the people," explains Dr. James Ruttenbur: "Did the drug seem to burn in the vein, with an intense burning sensation at the injection site, travelling up the arm with the drug? Did it seem to cause a metallic taste in the mouth, lasting for hours? And was the high a giddy, unsteady, *spacey* high, more like angel dust than heroin? If they remember doing a drug that did those three things, then we conclude they've been exposed to MPTP; and we'd recommend a full neurological medical examination, at the very first opportunity. So far this year, we estimate we've found 400 cases of suspected exposure to MPTP around the Bay Area in California alone."

Dr. Ruttenbur, chief dis-

● Trans-High Market Analysis and Quotes: p. 28

ease detective for the federal Centers for Disease Control here, has spent a great part of this year interviewing street people from San Jose around the Bay to Oakland: dope dealers, junkies, chippers, methadone clients and hospital patients with symptoms of drug-induced Parkinson's disease. The object is to track down the sources and prevalence of a deadly compound called MPTP, which can occur as a contaminant in a certain kind of "synthetic heroin" which appears on the California street market from time to time.

MPTP (short for "Methyl-Phenyl-TetrahydroPyridine") is the single most potent nerve-damaging substance in existence. Just millionths of a gram of MPTP are sufficient to inflict disabling and permanent brain damage in human beings. When ingested repeatedly or in large single doses, MPTP has been seen to permanently produce all the symptoms of advanced Parkinson's disease: total paralysis accompanied by palsied tremor. Even tiny one-time doses of MPTP can leave victims with the permanent symptoms of incipient parkinsonism: stiffness and slowed movements in the arms and legs, blurred vision uncorrectable by lenses, palsied "tics" in the face and fingertips, and a stooped, shuffling walking gait. "We've encountered plenty of people who've developed these sub-clinical symptoms of Parkinson's after MPTP exposure," says Dr. Ruttenbur. "Not many of them want to go in for examination and treatment, because they're addicts, and so they get along as best they can on the streets, or with their families. But they really should go for treatment, because these Parkinson's symptoms are bound to get worse with time, if they're left untreated."

How It Started

MPTP FIRST MADE THE news three years ago, with a ghastly outbreak of crippling poisonings around San Jose ("Junkies Face New Drug Terror," *Highwitness News*, July 1983). In the space of a few weeks, seven people—all His-

panic heroin addicts from around San Jose, aged between 26 and 45—were taken to the Santa Clara Valley Medical Center in states of advanced paralysis and shaking palsy. Although none of these people was old enough to have developed "idiopathic" Parkinson's, which is ordinarily strictly a disease of the elderly, Dr. William Langston at Valley Medical began treating these people with anti-Parkinson's drugs, and found them successful—up to a point.

"The anti-Parkinson's medications brought them out of their paralysis readily enough," Dr. Langston told HIGH TIMES two years ago. "They regained their flexibility, and could move and speak again—whereas before, they'd been so frozen up with Parkinson's that they couldn't even swallow their own saliva, or blink their eyes

ylPhenyl-PropionoxyPiperidine). M3P, a "designer drug" analog of meperidine (Demerol), which is billed as "synthetic heroin" or "new heroin" on the streets, ought to have no brain-damaging properties of its own; but when it's cooked up hastily and improperly, as this Morgan Hill chemist did it, M3P becomes contaminated with MPTP.

Although MPTP, an industrial compound used in medical research, has never been regarded as a "drug" before, it clearly exerts its own special psychotropic effects when ingested along with M3P. At the National Institute of Mental Health in Bethesda, Maryland, Parkinson's disease researchers have administered MPTP to various species of lab animals, and report that they invariably exhibit a telltale "serotonin syn-

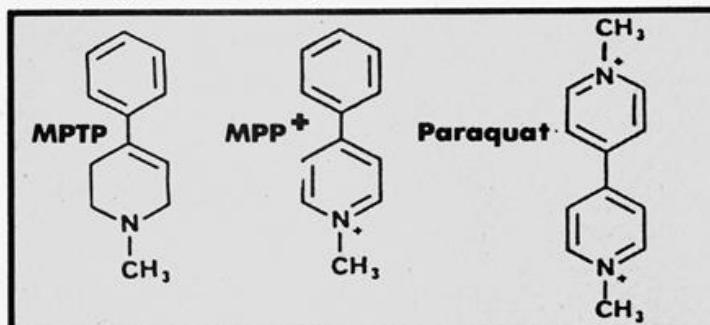
CDC researchers.

These spacey, PCP-like acute effects of MPTP only last a few hours, and then the individual apparently returns to normal. The Parkinson's symptoms—increasing stiffness, tremor, permanent blurring of vision—typically don't begin to appear for two to four days *after* exposure to MPTP. They manifest quite quickly after that, though. One of Dr. Langston's advanced cases at Valley Medical Hospital was brought in by the police, who had no idea what was wrong with him, in 1982. The man had been arrested for public intoxication, a few days after his last dose of "synthetic heroin," and in the jail cell, in the space of just a few hours, he'd frozen up into a literal "living statue," as Langston describes him.

How It Works

THIS DELAY AFTER MPTP ingestion before Parkinson's symptoms appear is accounted for by the fact that MPTP itself is changed in the body to another compound which exerts the eventual nerve-damaging effects. This MPTP "metabolite," MPP⁺ (MethylPhenyl-Pyridinium Ion) automatically migrates to the exact center of the brain which is involved with Parkinson's disease: the "substantia nigra," a tiny patch of a few hundred thousand nerve cells which generates the "active" nerve-hormone dopamine. MPP⁺ is taken up into these cells, and proceeds to destroy them, exactly the way some yet unknown agent gradually destroys the same cells in victims of idiopathic Parkinson's disease. But whereas idiopathic Parkinson's takes many years to develop, and mainly afflicts only very elderly people, MPP⁺-induced Parkinson's can happen to anyone, overnight.

"People who've been exposed to MPTP should consult a neurologist, even if they haven't subsequently developed any perceptible symptoms," counsels Dr. Langston of San Jose urgently. "You're born with a limited number of dopamine-producing cells in your brain. If you burn out just a few with



● Three likely brain-damagers: see next page.

at will. But within months after the medication started, they all began developing adverse side-effects to the Parkinson's drugs, symptoms that you don't ordinarily see until after many years of administration of these drugs. Tardive dyskinesia—uncontrollable movements of the mouth and lower jaw—is the worst symptom. The one woman among them has lost 20 pounds, because she can't use her mouth to eat. But if you take them off the medications, then they freeze right up with paralysis again. The therapeutic windows are very narrow now."

At the time of the California poisonings, in 1982, it was generally believed by police and medical authorities that the crippling drug was the result of a single attempt by a single "bathtub" chemist in Morgan Hill to synthesize a little-known opiate drug called M3P (Meth-

drome" right after injection: "Enhanced salivation, myoclonic movements and shaking episodes, and signs of enhanced sympathetic discharge," report NIMH researchers Irwin Kopin and Stanley Burns.

As Burns and Kopin further note, this "serotonin syndrome" also occurs in humans who ingest MPTP, to go by victims' descriptions of the acute effects of an M3P/MPTP mixture. Victims universally report that the high is marked by a distinctly non-heroin type of giddiness, spaciness, confusion and disorientation; subjective effects which are the opposite of what heroin or fentanyl or Demerol users are accustomed to experiencing. High single doses of MPTP have a deleriant effect: "Patients report hallucinations, metallic or medicinal taste, and blurred or dimmed vision," report the NIH and

MPTP, you might not notice anything right away; but if you ever begin to develop idiopathic Parkinson's, or if you're ever exposed to any other nerve toxin, the disease will progress just that much more rapidly."

Dr. Ruttenbur at the CDC warns that people with subclinical Parkinson's symptoms—a little stiffness or tremor or blurred vision—ought definitely to seek treatment, since those symptoms are bound to get gradually worse with time. Recently, researchers at NIMH and in Canada were able to determine that the progressive worsening of Parkinson's symptoms, in both idiopathic and drug-induced Parkinson's, can be greatly retarded, or even arrested, by treatment with drugs which impede the action of a brain enzyme called "monoamine oxidase," or MAO. When combined with conventional anti-Parkinson's drugs like L-dopa, bromocryptine, and carbidopa, MAO inhibitors can help MPTP victims live normal, mobile lives, without the adverse effects from the medications themselves.

In fact, any person who encounters a drug which fills the three criteria for MPTP—a drug which burns in the vein, causes a metallic taste in the mouth, and produces a spacey, PCP-type high—would do well to immediately consult a doctor.

Under certain circumstances, it's conceivable that this person could prevent the subsequent brain damage, and the appearance of Parkinson's symptoms.

Where It's Found

OUR CONCERN NOW IS that this was not a one-time incident, restricted to the San Jose area in the summer of 1983," Dr. Ruttenbur tells HIGH TIMES. "We've encountered people who were exposed to this stuff before then, and since then. We've seen cases of exposure all the way from the Oregon border to San Diego. We suspect there may be a lot more M3P on the streets than we'd expected."

In Martinez, just outside of Oakland, the Criminal Justice Health Services Institute keeps a close eye on what sort of street dope is being peddled locally. "Anyone could go out to the street and ask for 'synthetic Demerol,' as it's called, and get some within a couple of hours," says William Ayers at the Institute. "It's an amber powder, with fairly large, granular-type crystals which are translucent; you can see light shine through them. It's cheaper than fentanyl, because it's so much less potent."

When the CDC sleuths began interviewing street people in San Jose and Oakland early this year, they were astonished at

the number of obvious exposure cases they turned up: people exhibiting textbook symptoms of subclinical Parkinson's disease, but 40 years too young for them. "One really tragic thing," Ruttenbur relates, "is that being junkies, of course they tend to wind up in jail fairly often. And nowadays it's the practice of a lot of jail administrators in California to put troublesome prisoners like this on phenothiazine drugs, like Mellaril or Thorazine. That's the last thing you want to give a Parkinson's patient." Phenothiazine tranquilizers are convenient for jail staff, because they keep prisoners in states of vegetative torpor for days on end; but when given to people with Parkinson's symptoms, Mellaril and Thorazine make the symptoms much worse, and may accelerate the progress of the disease.

The 1982 San Jose outbreak was no one-time fluke, the CDC is now convinced. "Besides that lab in Morgan Hill, the Drug Enforcement Administration has turned up two M3P labs in San Diego. Then there was the PCP lab in Texas last fall, where they turned up a whole new analog of M3P; it's called PEP-AOP, and seems to have its own neurotoxic contaminant."

Authorities say they discovered this new "designer" opiate,

PEP-AOP (Phenethyl-AcetOxyPiperidine) in the lab of a bathtub chemist in Brownsville, Texas, after they'd busted him for cooking up PCP there (literally in his bathtub). According to San Jose chemist Ian Irwin, who tested this PEP-AOP for the DEA, the chemist had managed to contaminate his target drug with no fewer than 14 contaminants, including MPTP and another probable neurotoxin, PEP-TP (Phen-Ethyl-TetrahydroPyridine). Interestingly, the Brownsville chemist himself is said to exhibit subclinical Parkinson's syndromes, which he may have contracted by breathing free-floating MPTP particles in the ambient laboratory atmosphere.

How to Check for MPTP

OUR NEXT PROJECT," says the CDC's Ruttenbur, "ought to be to set up a nationwide monitoring system for M3P and MPTP." Such a program would involve inviting people to mail in anonymous samples of suspect drugs for testing; in a pilot system, the CDC is already testing drug samples from the San Jose area, procured through local drug-treatment services. In a nationwide search for M3P and MPTP, suspicious drug samples from police evidence bins

/ continued on page 27

MPTP AND PARAQUAT

"Although the [systemic] toxicity of MPP⁺ has not been extensively studied, a related compound, paraquat, has received wide attention for its use as a herbicide to control the illicit production of marijuana," write Drs. Irwin Kopin and Stanley Burns, of the National Institute of Mental Health, in a 1984 research paper, "Mechanisms of Neurotoxicity of MPTP." Besides damaging the lungs, liver and kidneys, it now appears inevitable that paraquat destroys the same sort of brain cells as MPTP and the yet unknown Parkinson's disease agent.

After the discovery of MPTP's neurotoxic properties in 1982, paraquat became of interest to Parkinson's researchers, because of its extremely similar molecular structure (see chart). When it was determined that the actual nerve-cell damage in humans is inflicted by an MPTP end-product called MPP⁺ (MethylPhenyl-Pyridinium Ion), researchers were surprised at its even closer resemblance to paraquat (Di-Methyl-BiPyridinium Ion).

In 1983, Dr. Kopin at NIMH confirmed for HIGH TIMES that his MPTP research team was also investigating the potential toxicity of paraquat and its by-products. At the time, attention was focused on the commonest method of cleaning up industrial spills of paraquat, which involves breaking it down with sodium borohydride. As Dr. James Woodford of Atlanta subsequently found, one of the breakdown products is "an MPTP-like analog of 1-methyl-1,2,3,6-tetrahydropyridine." (By this nomenclature, MPTP is called "1-methyl-4-phenyl-1,2,3,6-tetrahydropyridine.")

Furthermore, in a yet unpublished research paper for *Life Sciences*, Dr. André Barbeau, of Montreal's Clinical Research Institute, has shown that paraquat can cause exactly the same nerve damage as MPTP in test animals. Frogs given MPTP, MPP⁺, and paraquat all developed varying degrees of trembling paralysis, equivalent to Parkinson's symptoms in human beings. Dr. Barbeau is currently investigating reports of a higher-than-normal incidence of Parkinson's disease, per capita, in regions of Canada where agricultural herbicide-spraying has been particularly extensive. The results will be published later this year in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

by Mark Swain

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

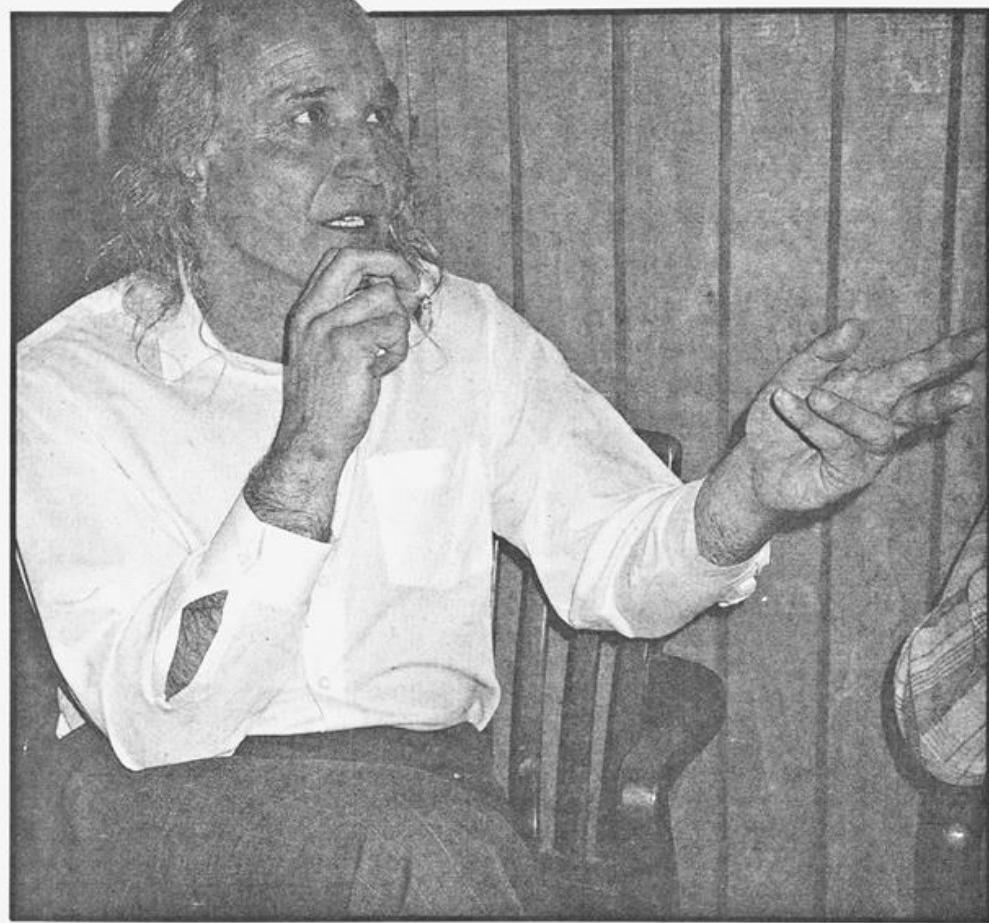
ASACRAMENTO FEDERAL JUDGE, BY SUPPRESSING 553 marijuana plants from evidence in a cultivation case here last summer, has set a new precedent against intrusive airborne police surveillance. This should have the effect of protecting citizens all over the country. Although the events in the case transpired in 1982—a year before authorities in Northern California and Virginia began intensively buzzing rural areas with helicopters, as part of annual summerlong "marijuana eradication programs"—the decision of Judge Raul Ramirez in *U.S. v. Broadhurst* definitively demolishes the legal arguments most often put forth by authorities to justify harassing people with low-flying aircraft under the pretext of conducting "marijuana searches."

Although the case involved four men and two women charged with conspiracy to "manufacture" marijuana and distribute it, the Judge's written decision was primarily a dissection of the tactics of a special marijuana-hunting squad called "Narcotics Enforcement Team Five." NET-5, a forerunner of the current CAMP program, consisted of an arrangement whereby local cops in Northern California would relay any information about marijuana-growing to state narcs, who would then help figure out ways to bring down the most dramatic, multi-plant, late-season pot busts.

An Opaque Greenhouse

IN THIS CASE, SUTTER COUNTY POLICE heard stories, in the autumn of 1981, about a greenhouse which had supposedly been spotted by some anonymous deer-hunters deep in the woods off Lague Road in Yuba County, south of Oroville, supposedly full of marijuana bushes hung up to cure. As a result, six months later in May of 1982, a NET-5 team began conducting "routine" overflights of the designated vicinity, where they quickly spotted a greenhouse tucked well back in the woods from the road, behind a two-story house. They circled the greenhouse repeatedly at different angles, from about 1000 feet in the air, and decided that there appeared to be no marijuana growing inside it at the time.

However, on the next "routine" overflight, in July of 1982, the NET-5 potspotters discovered the greenhouse to be full of six-foot-tall pot plants—or so they claimed later, anyhow. It must have taken some doing for them to have spotted those plants from 1000 feet, defense attorney Tony Serra of San Francisco pointed out at the trial, with caustic skepticism: the roof and sides of the greenhouse were made of translucent, visually impenetrable filon fiberglass, painted over with green sunshade. In preparing the defense, Serra hired a botany expert to fill the place with eucalyptus plants and fly over at 1000



• Tony Serra won case against airborne surveillance.

Photo by Steve Cooper

FED JUDGE SHOOTS DOWN LOFTY POTSPOTTER NARCS

feet; the plants were entirely invisible at that altitude, and in fact could not be seen through the green filon at 200 feet. Indeed, photographs taken from the NET-5 plane itself on its flyovers showed nothing resembling pot inside the greenhouse.

Nevertheless, after yet another flyover in early August 1982, NET-5 officer James Lavoi went to a magistrate with a request for a search warrant for the Lague Road property: greenhouse, dwelling, outbuildings and all. They found the area posted with plenty of "No Trespassing" signs and enclosed by barbed wire, with the greenhouse itself totally invisible from the public road, screened by oak trees and tall weeds. Inside it they found the 522 late-season pot plants, some above 18 feet high.

A Perjured Warrant?

AT THE SUBSEQUENT TRIAL IN FEDERAL District Court for the Eastern District of California, firebrand San Francisco defense lawyer Tony Serra fiercely and audaciously demanded the suppression of every single bud, stem and root from evidence, on

numerous grounds.

First of all, Serra charged, the NET-5 narcs had obviously lied to the magistrate when they asked for a warrant to search property they'd *already* searched illegally. Those "routine" overflights had in no way been truly routine, as though the narcs had merely been flying around in a random grid-work pattern, and just happened to spot this greenhouse with something green visible inside it. Those overflights were full-fledged police searches themselves, based on anonymous snitch tips—evidence so flimsy that no magistrate would ever have issued a search warrant on the basis of it.

And besides the illegal search, Serra angrily told the judge, these cops were obviously lying when they said they *saw* marijuana growing in that greenhouse from a spotter plane overhead. One cop had said he'd clearly seen the pot through the *roof* of the greenhouse, while Officer Lavoi—who gave the main prosecution testimony—went on at length about how it had been visible only through the *sides* of the building, and then only when the plane was tilted at certain

awkward angles. Serra's expert had duplicated all the NET-5 aerobatics, and hadn't seen a thing inside that place, and the cops' cameras themselves showed nothing. These narcs, charged Serra, had not really seen anything either.

A Nationwide Pattern

JUDGE RAMIREZ, IN HIS ULTIMATE DECISION, agreed that these were provocative points, but probably insufficient to have all the evidence suppressed, because Serra couldn't absolutely *prove* those narcs were lying under oath. It was the defense's third line of attack that won the case for Serra: the point that the constitutional right to privacy is too important for the police to be allowed to vitiate it like this, whether or not they're going after pot growers.

Assistant United States Attorney Douglas Hendricks took the position in this case that the NET-5 narcs had a perfect right to fly over this private property, as frequently and at whatever altitude they wished, simply because any *civilian* aircraft could have done so. This is a rather novel argument in law, which federal and state authorities have raised in numerous key cases—all marijuana cases—over the last few years.

This very argument—if civilians can fly over peoples' property without search warrants, then why can't the police?—is critical to several pending class-action lawsuits against the government, in California and Virginia and elsewhere, involving over 100 people who charge that they were harassed during the last three summers by police in helicopters who were supposedly "searching" for plots of growing marijuana. The California class-action, *NORML v. Mullen* in Federal District Court here, has been described at length in HIGH TIMES before ("Highwitness News" and "The Dopeland Raiders," June and July, 1985). The Virginia suit, *Letcher v. Garrett*, is being argued by Charlottesville attorney Deborah Wyatt in the Federal District Court in Lynchburg.

Altogether, attorney Wyatt has collected 28 first-person affidavits, sworn to by rural people under penalty of perjury, which describe instances of appallingly intrusive and dangerous police misconduct involving helicopters in 1982, 1983 and 1984. The incidents are dismally similar to those recorded in California: "The helicopter was within range for hunting squirrel," swears one 61-year-old farmer who was buzzed. Writes a woman: "The surveillance was at such low altitudes, and for such long periods of time that I thought the helicopter was either going to land or was about to crash. This lengthy and close surveillance woke my young daughter whom I had just put to sleep for her nap, and she was very upset, saying, 'Mommy, don't let the airplanes get me.' Since that time, my daughter still has fears associated with helicopters and airplanes..."

Other backwoods Virginians report people

being chased by helicopters, livestock being spooked by them, and of helicopters literally prowling around farmyards at less-than-treetop altitude, so the narcs inside can get a clear view inside houses, barns and sheds. One woman was outraged enough to call State Police administrator Wayne Garrett, the cop in charge of Virginia's Domestic Marijuana Eradication Project: "He told me that the State Police could do anything they wanted, search anywhere they wanted without a search warrant, as long as they did not actually touch the ground, and that there was nothing I could do."

And that is the ultimate extension and application of the legal reasoning by which the authorities, in Virginia and California and several other places, have attempted to justify unlimited aerial searches, no matter how intrusive or dangerous or terrifying; since *civilians* could buzz around peoples' private windows in helicopters if they wanted, then the police ought to be allowed to do it too. As long as they don't touch the *ground*, they're claiming, then it's not a "search."

Privacy Expectations

"THE PROTECTIONS OF THE FOURTH Amendment are not earthbound," Judge Ramirez in San Francisco instructed the feds in his decision against them last June. "Nor are the protections afforded only to those who engage in activities acceptable by the law-abiding masses."

Tony Serra, for the defense, had never denied that the defendants had tried to hide this marijuana from the police. To the contrary, Serra pointedly emphasized how the property had been purchased under an alias, meaning that the buyer obviously expected maximum privacy, right from the first. The greenhouse had been constructed well out of view from the road, and had never been reported to the County Assessor's office: more attempts at privacy. Serra spoke of how some of the people, from time to time, would climb the tallest adjoining hills, to confirm that the greenhouse was well hidden at all times of year. They'd used this opaque material on the roof and siding, to foil anyone trying to look in, and they'd used plenty of barbed wire and "No Trespassing" signs to declare their expectation of privacy, in no uncertain terms, to any reasonably intelligent person. Therefore, if any civilian had done what these cops did—circle around the greenhouse, trying to peer inside it, all summer long—they would have been liable to charges of trespassing, since they'd have no *right* to be in that place.

"The government," noted Judge Ramirez, "has attempted to justify this aerial surveillance on the basis that the officers had a right to be in the place from where the identification of marijuana was made." The essential prosecution argument was that in this era of high-tech commercial surveillance gear, industrial espionage and so on, *civilians*

are spying on each other all the time anyhow; so why shouldn't the police be allowed to keep step with sophisticated eavesdropping, remote-sensing, and other sophisticated espionage techniques and paraphernalia, warrants or no warrants?

Ramirez clearly found this line of reasoning repulsive: "The Fourth Amendment does not set up a combat between government and private citizens to test which party can outmaneuver the other in a game of hide and seek," he wrote. "The Court has found no cases which hold that a person, in order to protect himself from the unwelcome eye of the general public or law enforcement, must lock himself away so tightly and so completely as to preclude any clever or technologically enhanced eavesdropper from viewing his activities from any angle."

"A cop's job is easy only in a police state."

Just because aboveground rural property, like this greenhouse, is necessarily open to inspection by people flying overhead, it doesn't follow that the existence of aircraft in the modern world abolishes everyone's right to privacy. Even public phonebooth conversations can't be monitored without a warrant, Ramirez reminded the feds: "What [a person] seeks to preserve as private, even in an area accessible to the public, may be constitutionally protected."

The defense had urged the judge "to reject the notion that police, acting on less than probable cause, may conduct investigatory flights over enclosed agricultural structures for the sole purpose of exposing the contents of such structures." And reject it he did, resoundingly: "Citizens, whether rural or otherwise, should not have to anticipate low-flying and/or circling reconnaissance missions in order to protect their reasonable privacy expectations."

Ramirez readily agreed with the prosecution's point that high-tech, surreptitious, espionage-style surveillance techniques would make marijuana-hunting a lot easier. Concluded the judge acidly: "As one court has so eloquently noted, 'A policeman's job is easy only in a police state.'" HT

The Activist News supports efforts geared toward creating rational drug policies, policies that do not violate basic constitutional freedoms. The public health, safety and welfare is best protected through an open exchange of accurate information that will allow individuals to make responsible, well-reasoned choices concerning their personal drug use.

The Activist News provides an open forum for public dialogue on reform issues. It focuses on the largest group of Americans disaffected by their country's antiquated, control-oriented drug policies. It is for this group of eight million American adults who use marijuana—one-third of all adult American citizens—that this forum has been created.

Send your ideas, questions, calendar items for the "Action Agenda" (three months lead time), art work, poems, articles, news clippings, resources and funding ideas to support this project to:

**Activist News
c/o NY State NORML
P.O. Box 20525
New York, NY 10025**

Dear Mary Jane

**Been busted? We care, and would like to hear about it. Send questions or stories about bizarre busts or close ones to:
Dear Mary Jane, Northeast NORML Coalition, c/o NYS NORML, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025.**

Dear Mary Jane,

About the issue of urine testing for drugs—I was a conductor with the New York City Transit Authority and saw the whole mess go on with urine-testing in my department. Enclosed is a Xerox copy of an article in the February 15, 1985 issue of The Chief. [Copy of letter is not reprinted here.—Ed.] It is about urine-testing with the New York City Police Department. I knew that the Police Department fired people who come up positive on drug tests, but this article says they can be brought up on criminal charges for marijuana use. [The article in question was inaccurate on this point. The fact is that urine tests—like lie-detector tests—are so unreliable that they are not admissible as evidence in a court trial. A urine test can get you fired, but, thank Jah, it can't get you busted.—Ed.] I am curious to know how they can do this when New York State decriminalized in 1977. Wouldn't this in essence be a repudiation of the decrim statute New York State passed in 1977? I thought you would like to see. Good luck with your OMI efforts. You can rest assured that I sent a couple of contributions to Oregon

to support their noble effort.

*Sincerely,
Transit Friend*

Dear T.F.:

Before I answer your question of whether marijuana use is a criminal charge under N.Y. State laws, let me first address one highly important issue you have brought to light. This latest category of New York City employees that has been included for urine-testing, NYC cops, should get everyone thinking. Thirty-three percent of American adults use marijuana to some degree, and as much as we leftover hippies hate to admit it, cops are people too.

Since arrest and, even worse, the harassment, confusion and emotional, economic and even physical harm arrest victims incur are the real hazards that smokers face, which cop would you rather have arresting you?

I would rather it be a cop who understands how innocuous marijuana-smoking is, not a crazed cop. Why does the NYPD want to exclude officers who might take a child who was caught smoking back to his

parents as he explains to the child the dangers of adolescents running away from their problems by using drugs? Why replace the good-guy peace officer stereotype with one whose reaction would be to torture the child with a stun-gun?

Now, to answer your legal question with difficulty, I will try to be as clear as possible. Yes, marijuana is decriminalized in N.Y. State. However, decrim comes in a variety of forms. Nowhere is marijuana completely decriminalized, but Alaska comes the closest—possession of any amount for personal use at home, and one ounce in public, is completely legal. Some states, such as California, present only a civil summons to a user or possessor of a small amount. A larger amount would bring a criminal charge. The criminal charge may be in the form of a felony or a misdemeanor.

In some states, like New York, there are further category breakdowns for criminal charges. Misdemeanors and felonies (both are criminal charges) can be Class A, Class B, etc. *Criminal possession* of marijuana comes in five degrees as does *criminal sale*. For example: possessing marijuana in open view in a public place—includes public smoking—falls under *criminal possession of marijuana in the fifth degree, a Class B misdemeanor*. Possession of more than eight ounces is classified as *criminal possession of marijuana in the third degree, a Class E felony*. Possession of up to 25 grams (just under an ounce), however, has been decriminalized, punishable by up to a \$100 fine, with a second offense drawing up to a \$200 fine. There is *no jail term* for either a first or second offense of under-25-gram possession. Legal sale or possession for medicinal purposes is obviously not covered under Article 221 of the New York State penal code, entitled *Offenses Involving Marijuana*. The penalty for sales of marijuana in New York State varies according to the amount of marijuana that has been sold and the previous offenses, if any, of the convicted seller.

Article 221 does contain a section, 221.05, which expresses a degree of leniency, or decriminalization, but a possessor—one must possess or have possessed in order to be charged with use—of marijuana is *always guilty* of breaking a criminal law. They are not charged with a misdemeanor or a felony, but rather with a *violation* of the Penal (criminal) Code. Technically, if asked in any situation such as job or school applications, if you have been convicted of a crime—yes, they mean misdemeanors too, unless specifically stated “Have you ever been convicted of a felony?”—you can emphatically state, “No!” This category of lawbreaking, a violation, will not show up on rap sheets, etc. This saves the simple possessor from job recriminations and discriminations. But, in case you are con-

fused, POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA IN NEW YORK STATE IS ALWAYS IN VIOLATION OF THE CRIMINAL CODE.

As to whether police officers would really ever be brought up on criminal charges, I cannot say.

Thanks for the news clip,
—Best,
Mary Jane

NEWS REVIEWS

Students' Bodies Tested—E. Rutherford, N.J. School Board has appropriated \$5,000 for a new testing program, effective for the 1985-86 school year. All high school students must submit to blood- and urine-testing as part of a required overall physical exam before they are allowed entry in the fall. E. Rutherford claims no greater drug problem than other area schools, but is the first to adopt testing in the tri-state area. In addition, in order to ensure that marijuana-smoking on school buses is nonexistent, E. Rutherford has replaced police watchdogs with video cameras. Superintendent **Alfred L. Marbaise** said that if a student is found to be taking drugs, he will be "excluded from

school until the school doctor or his private doctor certifies he is drug-free. His parents and law-enforcement authorities will be notified." If the student refuses testing, he will be subject to disciplinary actions which could include expulsion. An ACLU challenge to the testing program is likely as students and parents voice opposition to this gross invasion of privacy. Several students and representatives of the ACLU and the East Rutherford school district appeared on the Phil Donahue Show in June, 1985. For a copy of the show's transcript, send a check or money order for \$2.50 to Donahue Transcripts, Box 2111, Cincinnati, OH 45201. Request "Drug Testing in Schools" and allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

Body Fluid Counting Up—The Defense Department expanded its urine-for-drug-testing to include civilian employees holding critical jobs such as security officers and nuclear, chemical and technical weapons personnel.

Criticism of the testing was immediate. **Jim Jones**, a labor relations specialist with the **American Federation of Government Employees**, stated, "It's just a part of a drift that we've seen into constitutional areas of privacy that really worries us."

The Defense Department employs 1.1 million civilians in addition to the 2.5 million active duty personnel. The Pentagon cannot predict how many of these employees might ultimately be affected.



ACTION AGENDA

September - October - November - December

OMI Petitioning Blitz

Ongoing at Oregon fairs and festivals. For further information, contact Oregon Marijuana Initiative, P.O. Box 8698, Portland, OR 97207, (503) 775-9250.

September

28 Drug Research Conference

Sponsored by Gladman Memorial Hospital and Council on Marijuana and Health. San Francisco, Calif. \$75.00 (student discount available). Contact Rick Seymour, (415) 626-6763 or write CMH, 2001 S Street NW, Suite 640, Washington, DC 20009.

October

3-4 Texans' War on Drugs (TWOD)

Marriott Hotel, Austin, Texas. Adult Leadership Conference. Contact Jo White, (512) 459-1231.

5 Marijuana Harvest Festival

Madison, Wisconsin. Contact Brian or Ben at (608) 257-0169.

11 National Student Day of Actions Against Apartheid held in conjunction with **United Nations International Day of Solidarity with South African Political Prisoners**. Greens Communication Network. (212) 533-5028, Gillian.

21 Protest at Rock Island Arsenal

Sponsored by Disarm Now Action Group. 407 S. Dearborn #370, Chicago, IL 60605. (312) 427-2533.

31 Halloween Smoke-In

Washington Square Park, New York City. Contact Gillian (212) 533-5028.

November

(Tentatively) — Student Anti-Apartheid Conference

Sponsored by Student Anti-Apartheid Movement. Write for info to Neal Apostolakis, LPO 11973CN5064, New Brunswick, NJ 08903.

6 San Francisco votes

to decide whether the city will appropriate money for a statewide marijuana initiative. If enough signatures are collected, the June 1986 statewide ballot will include the California Marijuana Privacy Act: *"Adults 18 years or older shall not be penalized for past or present private possession or cultivation for personal use."*

6-9 National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth Conference

Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C. Honorary Chairperson: Nancy Reagan.

December

5-7 National Criminal Defense Seminar

Key West, Florida. Contact Kevin Zeese, NORML, 2001 S Street NW, Suite 640, Washington, DC 20009. (202) 483-5500.

This calendar is sponsored by the Activist News and other groups for positive social and political reform.

DRUG RESEARCH CONFERENCE

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MEDIA REVUES



An Analysis of Marijuana Policy, a 1981 National Academy Press Publication, is recommended for changing the opinion of even the staunchest antimarijuana crusader. Under the auspices of the National Research Council, committee members from the National Academy of Sciences, the National Academy of Engineers and the Institute of Medicine compiled and reviewed all past research and reports dealing with marijuana. The study, commissioned by the National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA) specifically recommends a policy of prohibition of supply rather than the current policy of complete prohibition of supply and use, and suggests that public health and education may be a more attractive means for limiting excessive use.

Highlights from this study include:

- "Legal change to decriminalization does not, in itself, appear to lead to increase in use..."
- "Total prohibition has resulted in costly enforcement, alienation of the young, discrimination through selective enforcement, minimal deterrence of use..."
- "The research has not established a danger both large and grave enough to override all other factors affecting a policy decision..."
- "Prohibition of the supply of marijuana increases access to and use of other illegal drugs through the creation of an illegal marketing system for all drugs..."
- "It is not feasible to attempt to control home cultivation."

Obviously reaching the same politi-

cally unpopular conclusions that were reached in the Nixon-commissioned 1976 study, *Marijuana: A Signal of Misunderstanding* which recommended this follow-up report, only 200 copies of the 1981 report were printed. Fortunately, NORML received permission to reprint the report. Copies are available by sending \$3.00 to NORML, 2001 S Street NW, Suite 640, Washington, DC 20009.

Impact Studies

Both impact reports clearly demonstrate the benefits of decriminalization and confirm that the change from criminal to civil penalties does not promote any increases in use.

A First Report of the Impact of California's New Marijuana Law (SB95)

This report was requested by the California Legislature in 1977 and prepared by the California Health and Welfare Agency and the State Office of Narcotics and Drug Abuse.

The Decriminalization of Marijuana and the Maine Criminal-Justice System, A Time/Cost Analysis—1979

This report is the State of Maine's Office of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse Prevention's cost-comparison study of before and after decriminalization.

For copies of both studies, send \$2.00 to Activist News, c/o New York NORML, P.O. Box 20525, New York, NY 10025. (After you've read them, make your own impact and send them to your state legislators. Show graphically the savings realized from decriminalization. Legislatures will understand.)

MPTP

/ continued from page 21

around the country would be tested, especially powders and crystals which test out "negative" for other active drugs. And urine samples from methadone clients, who quite often "taste" whatever's on the street locally, would be an invaluable guide to M3P/MPTP's regional provenance.

"Unfortunately, no quick, inexpensive, mass-screening technique has been developed yet for the opiate itself, M3P," says Dr. James Woodford, an Atlanta forensic toxicologist. "We still have to use expensive, time-consuming, high-tech methods like gas chromatography and mass spectrometry, and you can't do mass screening that way."

Woodford himself has, however, developed a quick, cheap "color" test for the neurotoxic MPTP compound, with CDC chemist Robert Vogt. With little more than a porcelain spot plate and the common Marquis reagent, chemists can now routinely check for MPTP in drug samples or urine specimens, following Woodford's method.

At this time, nonchemists who want to check drug samples for M3P or MPTP may employ the anonymity-guaranteed services of the Up Front drug-counselling service in Miami, which is licensed by the DEA to receive and analyze controlled substances. Simply wrap a few milligrams of the suspect drug in tinfoil, and mail it—along with a note indicating what compounds to test for, a random five-digit number for identification, and \$20—to SP Lab, Inc., 5426 NW 79th Avenue, Miami, FL 33156. After a week, dial Up Front's number (305-757-2566), read off the identification number, and they'll give you the results. It would also be good to indicate to Up Front where the drug was being sold, under what street name it was billed, and its price and any effects it may have had on you. Information like this makes everyone a little safer.

Why You Ought to Check

IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOUR READERS should know about all this," Dr. Ruttenbur tells HIGH TIMES. "The street people in California have told us that M3P occasionally shows up combined with cocaine, for both shooting and snorting purposes—a premixed speedball, sort of. This means it's going to reach a whole new population of people: people with more money, occasional heroin chippers, and especially cocaine users who employ opiates like heroin and Demerol to ease them off the jittery end of a cocaine binge. Those people ought to know what they're risking when they take strange crystals and powders into their bodies these days." HT

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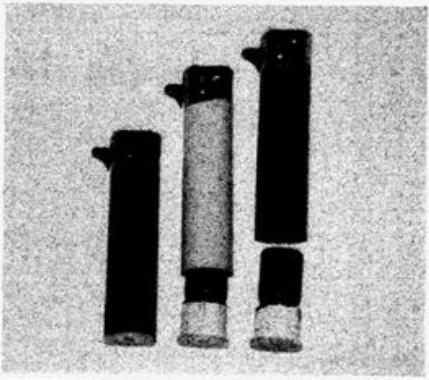
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ANALYSIS

THE VARIETIES OF PHARMACOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE

by Gene Wheelwright

AS MORE AND MORE ENTRIES IN THE Trans-High Market Quotations have come to deal with cocaine and MDMA and various popular types of speed and such, I've been feeling more and more inclined toward issuing some kind of personal disclaimer. It should probably be reiterated every so often, if not with every issue, that our well-known page of current illegal-drug prices is *not* a menu of recommendations but a report on the price and quality of what we know is currently available.

The fact that these numerous varieties of stimulant-type drugs have generally been taking over more and more space on the Quotations page from the psychedelic types is not an expression of personal or editorial preference but a reflection of our culture's changing consumption patterns. By simply reporting on *what's happening where*, without regard to personal profit or current social acceptability, we keep our service objective and informative.

On the other hand, this magazine—by nature as liberal toward drugging as any magazine can get—does back off reflexively from dealing very much with downers—which, after all, manifest the opposite effect of getting high, i.e. *zonked*—and it draws the editorial line at listing prices or availability of heroin. No one but madmen and victims advocate death.

But drawing back from that extreme, I do feel the personal need here to draw some finer distinctions than that—without passing moral judgement—among the *effects* or *syndromes* that you can expect to encounter when partaking of any of these substances. These are the views of Gene Wheelwright, your market analyst; not necessarily those of anyone else at HIGH TIMES.

Let's begin with chemical dope: With MDMA all the rage nowadays (calling it "Ecstasy" sure helps to move it out), exotic synthetics are sweeping into fashion again. With some "designer drug" ever more likely to pop up in place of the real thing at a time when you may least expect it—and who really knows *what* that white powder may be that came to you from some ultimately unknown source, maybe it gives you palsy—I would suggest you avoid ingesting *any* substance that didn't grow up naturally and organically out of the ground. Otherwise you're

putting your brain chemistry up for grabs.

Need I go so far as to add that, with AIDS ever on the ascendant, you would be doubly justified in avoiding (like the plague) *injecting* any substance whatsoever? Well, of course, you can keep your own outfit and be very clean and safe. But that brings up the question of why you're doing the drug at all.

Is it the flash you're after? The self-administration of ecstasy, so conveniently available on demand? Surely you know by now that that's a dead end. From the level of the operation of pure energy mechanics, flashing yourself out regularly will soon require the administration of more and more fuel (dope) to ignite the spark and sustain the flash.

A lot of people justify their use of coke by saying it helps them to get the work done. I have no doubt that that's true for the cultures who chew the coca leaf, and I would be chewing a leaf now if I had one. But the highly processed and refined product that ultimately emerges as cocaine is *too strong* to just help you get the work done. Unless, that is, you have a will of steel yourself.

In spite of the number of people around who say that it's just rocket fuel and they can handle it, my feeling is that coke is a kind of psychedelic alcohol—in that it's so high-powered and desirable and initially so euphoric, but so quickly brings on numbed-out sloppiness and sentimental despair.

If you're repulsed by self-indulgence, it's possible then to turn that energy on its head and use it (*plus* the energy of the repulsion) to power your own triumph of the will. Thus, the invention of methedrine by the Nazis, which carries the effects of all those "ines" and "eines" and "aines" of the stimulant family (e.g., caffeine) to their ultimate development. Crank was a vital fuel for the German war machine—probably history's most extreme example of looking out for number one.

But here's the thing that all the drugs mentioned so far have in common: they enhance your ego by making you feel stronger or sexier or whatever. But they also make you *less aware*. You may *think* you're smarter and understanding more faster, but in fact it's going by too fast for you to grasp anything with full comprehension or feeling. So you can end up making a lot of dumb decisions, which, at that amperage, can get you into a lot of trouble fast. *Götterdämmerung* maybe.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

UNITED STATES

National Market			
U.S. sinsemilla	grade A fancy, rare now, high-priced domestic, N.C., Ga., Tex. & such	oz lb oz lb	\$200-250 2250-500 150-200 1750-2000
Hawaiian sinse	premium prices— the heat's on	oz lb	200-300 2200-3000
Mexican commercial	pseudo-sinse, drying up	oz lb	75-150 750-1200
Thai weed	dark green bricks, pressed buds	oz lb	125-175 1500-2000
Jamaican pressed buds	loose mashed	lb	1350-2000
Jamaican commercial	summer stash of choice	oz lb	100-1200 1150-1500
Colombian mersh	dark, dry, harsh and heavy	oz lb	50-75 450-700
Afghani hash	dreaded	oz lb	50-75 450-600
Mushrooms	dirtyweed	lb	1400-1500
LSD	funding the rebels, so fire it up	oz gm	400-500 85-1000 3500
MDMA, "XTC," "Ecstasy"	psilocybe cubensis, organic trip	lb	400-500
Cocaine	white lightning, original process	oz kilo	1500-2000 35,000
Area Bulletins			
Offshore, 100 miles out	new bod high,	one	10-30
	already illegal	oz	1500-2000
	usual avalanche, massive impurity	kilo	35,000
Akron, Ohio	Colombo, 40-50-lb bales	lb	\$175
	toot, negotiable	kg	28,000
	local sinse, "good to fair high"	oz	60-100
	Mex "sinse," nothing special	lb	900-1500
	Colombo garbage, pass it up	oz	90-1200
	hash, black outside, greenish inside	lb	900-1500
	coke, "getting better," less cut	gm	400-500
	speed, "a few to the chosen few"	one	160-1800
Austin, Tex.	skunk buds, "the best"	oz	3-3.50
	coke, "Miami's finest"	gm	120
	MDMA, "XTC,"	1	100
	yellow cap	100	15
Boston	Mexican green, "nice"	oz	700
	coke, "sucks"	lb	140
	MDMA, or	oz	1150
	"XTC," "hot"	one	2000
Chicago	sinsemilla, superb "Colombian," seedy	oz	15
	but high quality	oz	120-1500
	green homegrown, "does the job"	oz	80-1000
	shrooms, potent, $\frac{1}{2}$ -gm adequate	gm	40-6000
	LSD, Calif. white	lb	5-8
	& cartoon blotter	one	1600
	LSD, local yellow	100	3-8
	microdot, speedy	one	125-200
	LSD, "King Tut,"	100	4-7
	useless	one	160-200
	coke: "white crys-	2	2
	tal, 98% pure"	100	100
	coke: fishscale	oz	2500
	"yellow flake"	3.5-gm	300
	crystal meth, un-	gm	90-1400
	cut, serious shit	oz	2000
	Tylenol #4—for	one	150
	kozmic blooz		1
Dade Co., Fla. Denver	see Miami		
	3rd-generation	oz	180
	Afghani buds	oz	80
	Mexican redbud,	lb	800
	essential smoke	oz	150
	Tahitian, "good pot, not fancy",	1/4-oz	5
	mushrooms, home-	100	30
	grown cubensis	one	125
	acid, Grateful Dead	1000	950
	20th anniversary	gm	115
	white lightning	oz	1950
	coke, pure rock,		
	Peruvian		

Douglas Co., Ore.	Mexican mersh, pressed "sinse" shrooms, "hand /home-picked" cocaine, "trampled over & over" crank, crushed pills, yuckola	oz ½-lb gm	120 250 5
Eugene, Ore.	Oregon sinse, "skunk bud" Thai green bud Thai gold bud	oz lb oz lb	75-150 1000-2000 75-200 100-250
	Colombian "red," unaffordable hash, red & blond Leb LSD, "white lightnin'" cocaine, "50-50" Speed, hi-grade "meth crystal"	oz gm lb one	200 5-10 1500 2-5
Fernandina Beach, Fla.	Jamaican ganja Ga.-N.C.-S.C. domestic toot, at Florida port of entry	lb lb	800 1100
Las Vegas, Nev.	imported indica, "stupor skunk" sativa, red- haired latina commercial, brown stuff coke, Peruvian "high roller" coke, "strip pow- der," no rocks	oz oz oz gm 3½-gm gm	200 120 50-55 100 320 90-100
Miami	domestic sinse, "from the glades" Panama reds, top of reg's, scarce Jamaican buds, "devastating" Colombian, brown dross Thai, green-gold Thai, opiated logs	oz lb oz lb oz lb oz oz 1/4-oz	80-100 800-1000 75 700-800 50-75 600-800 25-40 250-350 150-200 60
	LSD blots LSD liquid mushrooms shroom tea coke, "be careful, xxx-strong" speed, "in heavy demand" zoom! (speed cut w/ coke), "berserk"	one drop (!) oz gal gm oz gm	5 7 20-30 400-500 50-60 900-1200 50 40-50
Nashville, Tenn.	Jamaican, aromatic, "good ganj" Mexican, pressed buds, red hairs Thai, overrated, 14" stems, seedy Colombo, dreaded dirtweed LSD, gold dolphin on 25 blotters coke, walnut-sized rocks, yellow core	oz ¼-lb oz lb oz oz lb one 100 gm oz	200 650 100 900 150 60 600 4 200 100 2000
New York City	Hawaiian buds, wafting you aloft California sin- semilla, rare Thai, heavyduty "Jammy Whammy," green slabs "Lamb Jam," high wind in Jamaica Mexican long- stems, center cut	oz lb oz lb lb oz lb oz lb oz lb	260 2200-3000 200-250 2800-3200 1400-1600 125 1300 125 1300 100-150 950-1300
	Mexican medium, dense budlets Mexican browns, dry dredgs "Belize belles," brown buds Afghani black red Leb, "rich and real" coke, wholesale warehouse	oz lb oz lb lb lb lb oz 3½-gm oz	100-150 770-1200 70-100 600-1100 770-900 1400-1600 900-1200 197 1500

Oakland, Cal.	northern Calif. sinse, still a bit Thai: "loose" pressed"	oz lb oz lb oz lb oz	200 2600 150 1400-1700 125-150 1600-1800 130-160 1200-1400
Ocean Co., N.J.	Afghani primo, black & chewy N.C. piedmont sinsemilla coke, "good flake"	lb oz lb 3½-gm	1200-1400 300
Palm Beach, Fla.	"Rock City," one lump or two?	oz gm	2000 60-90
Raleigh, N.C.	sinsemilla tops, "good buddy"	lb	225
Santa Barbara, Cal.	MDMA, real thing: "no nummies"	one	15-30
Santa Rosa, Cal.	northern Calif. "stash buds" greenhouse buds, airy, no density Swazi-Mex hybrid, gnarly buds Thai, brown and dry, no smell Colombo brown, el cheapo Mexican brown, bottom end coke, "okay"	oz lb lb oz lb lb lb lb	150-200 2200-2400 2000 125-150 1300-1700 1200 550 550 1400-1600
Southern Cal.	MDMA, one hopes "XTC" (MDMA), flash flood	oz one	10
Tallahassee, Fla.	swamp buds, musky indica	oz	200
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC			
domestic weed	sticky, few seeds; severe paranoia	oz	\$27
FRANCE			
Moroccan hash	beware Les Halles dope bazaar	1½-gm	F.100
Colombian weed	½ seeds & stems, piss-poor in Paris	¼-oz	100
ITALY			
Morocco hash	good old standard	gm	\$3
Morocco chocolate	soft and creamy, deeply satisfying	gm	6
"Border Afghani"	not the real thing (too dark inside)	gm	6
Local weed	hard to find	gm	2
Coke	"no shit, glisten- ing rocks"	gm	65
Nepal Charas (hash)	"stronger than acid"	gm	10
THE NETHERLANDS			
Turkish hash	the best: breath- takingly "clear"	gm	\$7
Moroccan hash	multiple grades in teahouses	gm	1.40-5
Lebanese hash	price belies current quality	gm	4.30
Colombian hash	"coyote black"	gm	3
Afghan hash	borderline	gm	3
Jamaican hash	pressed shit	gm	1
Thai sinsemilla	superdupe	100-gm	15
Malawi weed	African dream	gm	3.50-4.50
Filipino grass	good stuff	gm	3
Mexican grass	Acapulcan	gm	2.40
Panama weed	dark buds	gm	2.40
S. African weed	"Durban poison"	gm	2-3
Nigerian grass	if nothing else	gm	1-2
Colombo	bad	gm	1.50-3
LSD	could be real	one	1.50-3
cocaine	sleaze city	gm	45-70

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ABUSE FOLIO APHRODISIACS

AKA: Animal horns, Spanish fly, absinthe, queen-bee jelly, MDMA, oysters

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, drugs and sex have been two of humanity's three great preoccupations. It's only natural that these two primary preoccupations would be combined in the folklore of pharmacology. Virtually every culture has its list of substances that are credited with the ability to arouse and/or increase sexual desire.

With the attention that has been paid to the effects of drugs on sexual activity, it's not surprising that every aspect of aphrodisiacs is shrouded in controversy. There are many experts in the various medical and sexological fields who stoutly maintain that there is no such thing as an aphrodisiac. Of course, one can take an opposite tack and say that a wide variety of substances have aphrodisiac qualities.

As is the case in our own times with psychoactive drugs, historically fashionable "sex-active" drugs and foods have found themselves in great demand and commanding premium prices. Often the more exotic or the harder to come by a suspected aphrodisiac is, the higher the demand and the higher the price people are willing to pay for it. Shades of heroin and cocaine—neither of which is an aphrodisiac, by the way.

The trade in sexual-potency drugs has often been highly destructive to the environment. Whole species have come close to extinction, in both the plant and animal kingdoms, because some item in their anatomy was fancied to put lead in one's pencil. Among these was the black rhinoceros, whose single, upright horn was exported out of East Africa, and ground into potions in China and other parts of the Far East. Elk horns apparently still serve the same function. A county in California recently turned down an agricultural application from an Asian firm that wanted to raise elk in parklands for this purpose. Animal horns in general have a long-standing connection with sexual potency, which may have to do with the magi-



Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

cal Doctrine of Signatures. This may be where our term "horny" came from.

Western medicine, or at least pseudo-medicine, may have been less exotic but has been just as inventive as Eastern medicine. For example, I'm sure we all remember "Spanish fly" from childhood dirty jokes. One of those mythic elements that are orally transmitted from one prepubescent generation to the next, with no foundation in fact? Guess again. Spanish fly actually exists. It is a southern European bright green beetle called *cantharides* that is finely ground and used in medicine as a blistering agent, diuretic, or a genito-urinary stimulant. But don't go looking for it at the drugstore to put in your significant other's *pina colada* next Saturday night. (In overdoses, Spanish fly can leave one permanently blind.)

Certain foods, such as oysters, lobster and rare steak are considered to be sexual energizers. Maybe that's why they cost so much. There is probably some truth to this, in that these foods are high in complex proteins that have been related to sustained energy in general.

In nineteenth-century Europe, absinthe was popularly believed to have aphrodisiac qualities. The primary active ingredient in absinthe was *arte-*

misia absinthium (wormwood), the oil of which was mixed with angelica, anise, marjoram and calamus in alcohol. The mystique of this drug fit in with bohemian Paris and was celebrated by Impressionist painters and writers who drank it as a liqueur at sidewalk cafes.¹

Health food stores in the United States abound in a variety of substances considered to be sexual enhancers by one culture or group or another. Vinegar, queen-bee jelly and ginseng have all taken their turns.

Curiously, among psychoactive drugs, both stimulants and sedative-hypnotics—the effects of which tend to be opposite—have developed street reputations for sexual enhancements. These reputations are largely unearned, however. Sedative-hypnotics, including alcohol and Quaaludes, may appear to heighten the libido because of their tendency to lower inhibitions, including social and sexual ones, but they in fact decrease sensitivity and in high dosages can impair or even abolish performance. Stimulants such as amphetamines or cocaine also seem to decrease inhibitions and may even appear to enhance performance at first by delaying ejaculation and causing some increase in sensitivity. Continued use, however, often results in varying

degrees of sexual dysfunction.

In general, the habitual use of narcotic analgesics, such as heroin, morphine, etc., not only causes sexual dysfunction but in many cases replaces sex as an activity.

In recent months, the experimental drug MDMA has been mentioned as a possible aphrodisiac, but researchers and physicians who have used it in treatment as an adjunct to psychotherapy say that this is not the case. MDMA is called "Ecstasy" in the street, but the name was invented by a dealer to sell pills and does not relate to its effects.²

A better case can be made for the volatile nitrites, such as amyl and butyl. These inhalants are vasodilators—that is, they increase the size of blood vessels by relaxing them, and this can allow a greater flow of blood to sexual organs.³ Users also report a prolongation or at least a perceived prolongation of orgasm. The nitrites also relax the anal sphincter, facilitating *passive* anal intercourse. However, use of these nitrites has also been known to block erections, making use during lovemaking a risky business.⁴

Human sexuality tends to be a very subjective study. This is especially true in evaluating anything that may seem to intensify either performance or enjoyment. In general, the most tried and true aids to good sex may be a healthy body, a relaxed mind, a sensuous partner. And maybe a nice chilled oyster or two...

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PHOTOTRON

HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only.

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.[®]

If you read all of the popular literature: I did. All of the scientific literature: I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length, (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs fool you.



The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, three and one half feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days, up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all. You may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

So, call me. Right now. I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian De Marco

THE PHOTOTRON	NONE	24	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Halide Systems	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SELF SHADING	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR	"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, we will pay you for the call - 312-544-8008."	
NUTRIENTS									CAN YOU AFFORD NOT TO CALL US?	
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*photograph presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin-Production and Plant Growth," pertains to any plant."

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WE ARE THE WORLD BEAT



The audience was a spectacle unto itself. Aging hippies in ragged jeans and tie-dyed shirts mixed with skin-head punks in leather and spikes and clean-cut preppies with twenty-dollar haircuts and pastel polo shirts. Urban teens, black, white and Asian, danced themselves into frenzies alongside older dashiki-clad Africans and dreadlocked Rastafarians who scrutinized the scene as they swayed to the rhythms. The show ended with members of all five groups jamming onstage and dancing with a hundred or so audience-members who'd been invited up to become part of the show. It was San Francisco's biggest World Beat festival to date and after five bands held a capacity audience of 1,200 in thrall for over five hours, the hybrid crowd straggled out of Japantown's Kabuki Nightclub Theater, weary and smiling from the nightlong party.

"If the people don't go away from a concert or a party feeling uplifted and wanting to go on that week trying to find solutions to their problems or

These soulful San Franciscans are sending out a message of hope, harmony and the power of the human spirit—and you can dance to it!

**Text by DERK RICHARDSON
Photos by CLAYTON CALL**

the world's problems," said Mat Callahan of the Looters, who closed the show, "then we haven't succeeded. There is a hunger for music that speaks to the heart in an open way."

Over the past few years in the San Francisco Bay area, a musical movement has emerged which calls itself World Beat. Coming from greatly diverse backgrounds, the musicians combine a wide array of influences—rock, punk, jazz and, most importantly, African and Caribbean—into a new musical whole, held together by a collective spirit of adventure and experimentation, and a general internationalist political stance or "attitude." "It's a cross-cultural thing and a multi-cultural thing," explains Akal Fillinger of the Looters. "It is supposed to make you dance and have a certain attitude, too."

The cross-fertilization of musical forms is nothing new. Indeed, it is at the very heart of musical growth and change, whether it's Afro-Cuban rhythms interlocking with bebop to become Latin jazz, traditional folk forms combining with amplified rock



● World Beat bands such as the Freaky Executives (left page) and The Looters (whose lead guitarist appears above) regularly pack 'em in at clubs in the San Francisco Bay Area, where frenzied fans dance to the throbbing rhythms.

to give us the Byrds, Fairport Convention or REM, or American soul crossing over to Jamaica on the radio waves and coming back as reggae. And the roots of the World Beat phenomenon can be found in the African pop music—of Nigeria's Fela Anikulapo Kuti, Sonny Okosun and King Sunny Ade, Zaire's Franco and Rochereau, Cameroon's Manu Dibango and Zimbabwe's Thomas Mapfumo—which has been simmering its eclectic trans-Atlantic brew for decades but is just now having a significant impact in the U.S.

The movement extends far and wide away from the Bay Area, having cropped up in the experiments of Brian Eno, David Byrne and Talking Heads; in Britain's World of Music, Arts and Dance project and the related work of Peter Gabriel; in the early World Beat music of Dan Del Santo in Austin, Texas; in the updated Senegalese traditions of Toure Kunda; whose records on Celluloid and summer tour of the U.S. comprised the most exciting new influx of African music; and in the high-tech studio innovations of New York's Bill Laswell, Phillip Wilson and friends in Deadline.

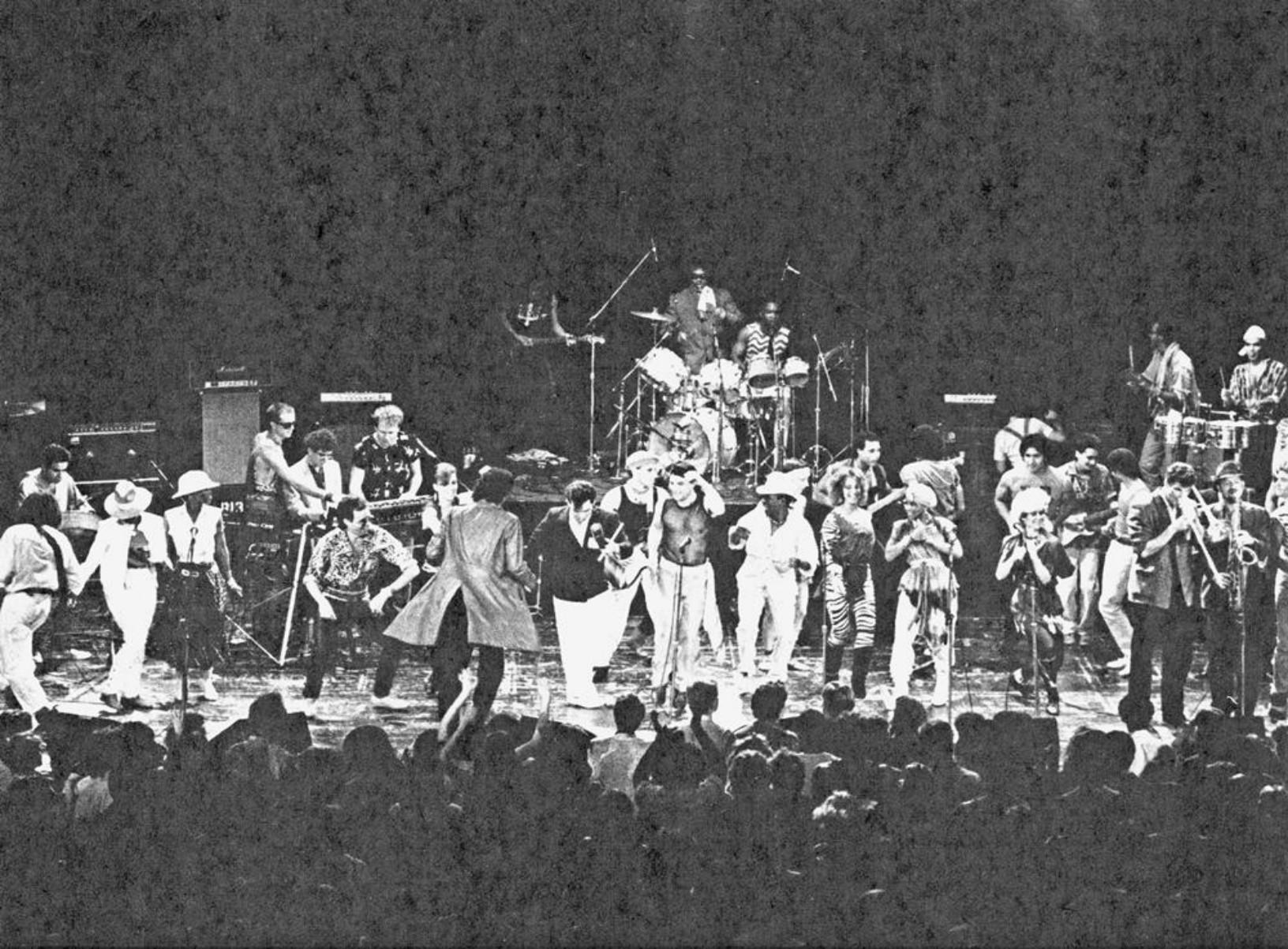
Such major artists as Hugh Masekela and Herbie Hancock are looking to Africa for inspiration. Such radio programs as "Land of 1000 Dances" on KPFK in Los Angeles and "The Spirit of Carnival" on KPFA in Berkeley are growing in number. In dance clubs like the 16th Note in San Francisco and

Club Lingerie in Los Angeles, patrons dance to a pulsating disco mix of funk, reggae, calypso and African pop concocted by a new wave of World Beat deejays. Record companies are beginning to tune into the trend as evidenced by A&M's recent signing of Talk Back, an L.A. Afro-reggae-soca outfit.

But it's in the San Francisco Bay Area that World Beat is catching fire and, in the heat of popular enthusiasm, forging itself into a self-conscious movement.

The bands which shared the bill at the Kabuki festival—The Looters, Big City, Mapenzi, Freaky Executives and Zulu Spear—regularly draw full houses to a variety of clubs around the region, while more and more bands—Umlilo, Joni Hastrup, Too Much Fun, Rhyth-O-Matics—appear with their own recipe for the bubbling Afro-Caribbean-American melting pot. According to Tommy Tompkins of Big City, the nature of the Bay Area has everything to do with World Beat's growth. "A lot of different cultures are colliding, fermenting in this area," he explains. "In the history of this area there's a real openness to other cultures and other ways of looking at the world, and there's a real legacy of political activism and insight. I think all those factors help percolate not only our ability to get into World Beat but, more importantly, people's receptiveness to it. It's a challenging picture of the world that they can and want to relate to."

For the past year, bands, fans and scene-watchers have been trying to get a handle on just what makes up World Beat. "As far as the musicians are con-



cerned," says Scot Roberts of Freaky Executives, "they've been playing it and just now people are recognizing it more. I think it will always be here and it will be called different things at different times." "I guess World Beat is meant to be African music," says David McBurnie, who hosts "The Spirit of Carnival," "because when you say 'world,' it's only one continent's music that they're dealing with. The rhythms are essentially African."

But while the polyrhythms of juju, highlife, Afro-beat, kwela, jive, mbira, reggae, ska or salsa musics are the pulse of the new fusion, band-members say the lifeblood pumps with more than music. "We are aspiring to something that's more a synthesis than just a cross-pollination," explains Mat Callahan. "We go after a sound that is our own and, at the same time,

we are very conscious of the fact that we have taken these influences inside ourselves and made them part of our musical vocabulary. I consider that a different thing from just window dressing, using different instruments or something."

By turning to other cultures for inspiration, the bands have uprooted themselves from the shallow soil of contemporary American and British image-oriented pop music. They are attempting to resettle on and cultivate new, more fertile ground. The spirit is refreshingly cooperative and the effort uncommonly collective. Big City, The Looters, Mapenzi and Freaky Executives have held meetings, described by Mapenzi's Brett Stewart as "beautiful in a chaotic sort of way," to define goals and map strategy. In just such a meeting, the bands deliberately chose to call themselves World Beat despite the fact that their cross-national stance

rigorously resists narrow definition. The ploy to gain recognition as a coherent genre has worked but, argues Callahan, "I don't think having a name makes us one thing or another and we hope that it doesn't become a rigid category. If it does, we'll smash it."

While the music industry-controlled mainstream of pop music, whether synth-pop, heavy metal or bimbo rock, trades in transient styles, high-tech razzle dazzle and superficial values, the World Beaters insist that their music remain linked to the everyday life of human toil and struggle even while elevating listeners into dance-driven levels of ecstasy. "One of the things about music in 'primitive' societies is that it is very functional," explains Callahan. "It plays a very direct function in life and people wouldn't imagine living without music any more than they would imagine living without food. Our music is a soundtrack for



The World Beat bands come together in a joyous jam session (left) at the biggest Beat festival to date. Sexism in this scene? No way! Men and women play as equals in bands such as Big City, seen above blasting out the Beat at a recent gig.

real life and we hope it embodies all kinds of feelings that people have. In a lot of popular music, the function is to keep people's minds off what's happening."

Tommy Tompkins, lyricist for Big City, the stylish band that has opened for such touring acts as General Public, X, Paul Young and Herbie Hancock, agrees. "Once you know about things," he asks, "what do you do then? If you love a type of music, you play it. If you feel something around certain social questions, then you say something. The biggest failing that people could have is to duck dealing with stuff like that and to not use the richness in the world and to not speak to the questions you run into in the world."

Big City and The Looters, especially, sing about political struggle, in Africa, Central America and the U.S. For Callahan, whose band builds an eclectic, powerful sound out of Clash-like

reggae-rock expanded by African polyrhythms, plain old rock and roll doesn't cut it anymore. "Rock 'n' roll is so accepted now, it's not rebellious per se. So it's a question of how do you express those feelings which are really great feelings and revitalize the world and find some way to express it that's new."

Robin Balliger, bassist and dancer in Big City, sees World Beat as the center of a new musical/cultural scene. "Ever since the punk scene faded," she notes, "there hasn't been any kind of real musical force that people can get behind in the area." Joe Gore, who cofounded Big City with Balliger after they got together in C.K. Ladzekpo's African music class at UC Berkeley, thinks that the life-affirming politics of the music are the key. "A lot of political music or issue-oriented music can get either horribly didactic or else, like Joy Division or a punk band, it represents the twisted denizens of a warped

society—hold a mirror up and blah, blah, blah. What we're trying to present is a very hopeful and upbeat picture, celebrating that side of the human spirit that can see people through all the shit that there is."

As with most local bands, each World Beat group has nurtured its own faithful following. The Looters' hard edge and outlaw/underground image, the Freaky Executives' heavy infusion of contemporary funk, Big City's bright, brisk sound and splashy stage presence, Mapenzi's hypnotic marimba chorus and extended jams, and Zulu Spear's strong South African roots all attract slightly different crowds. But with each major concert becoming a genuine festival of the music, the audiences are merging into a multicultural mass of World Beatniks.

Breaking down barriers is a primary goal of World Beat musicians and in

the audiences, growing outward from an initial core of free-form dancing hippies, alternative-seeking baby boomers and reggae-and-Afro-philes, the impact is apparent. "I personally believe nationalism is a thing of the past," says Brett Stewart. "One important thing about the World Beat scene is that through a musical avenue it expresses the unity of the planet. It really says, 'Look, we're all interrelated.' It already is one world, it's just a matter of acknowledging it."

The closest parallel to the moods generated by World Beat is the mesmerized bliss of a Grateful Dead concert or a ganja-stoked reggae show. The musical corollaries—Dead-like extended passages of collective improvisation and professional infor-

mality and reggae-like insistent pulse and shifting rhythms (with a more frenetic level of energy than either)—give rise to the similarities in feeling, while neither Deadhead cultishness or rasta rituals are prerequisites to taking the World Beat trip. "I've gotten a lot of shit from people saying 'Your songs are too long,' or 'How come your arrangements don't do anything, where's the verse and chorus?'" Stewart says of Mapenzi's nontraditional approach. "In Africa, the idea with music is to get you into this ecstatic place. In America, people's attention span is pretty small. But some people will keep on dancing through the tiredness and all of a sudden get a second wind and their mind will shut down and they'll reach another plane of consciousness. The world doesn't need just another pop band."

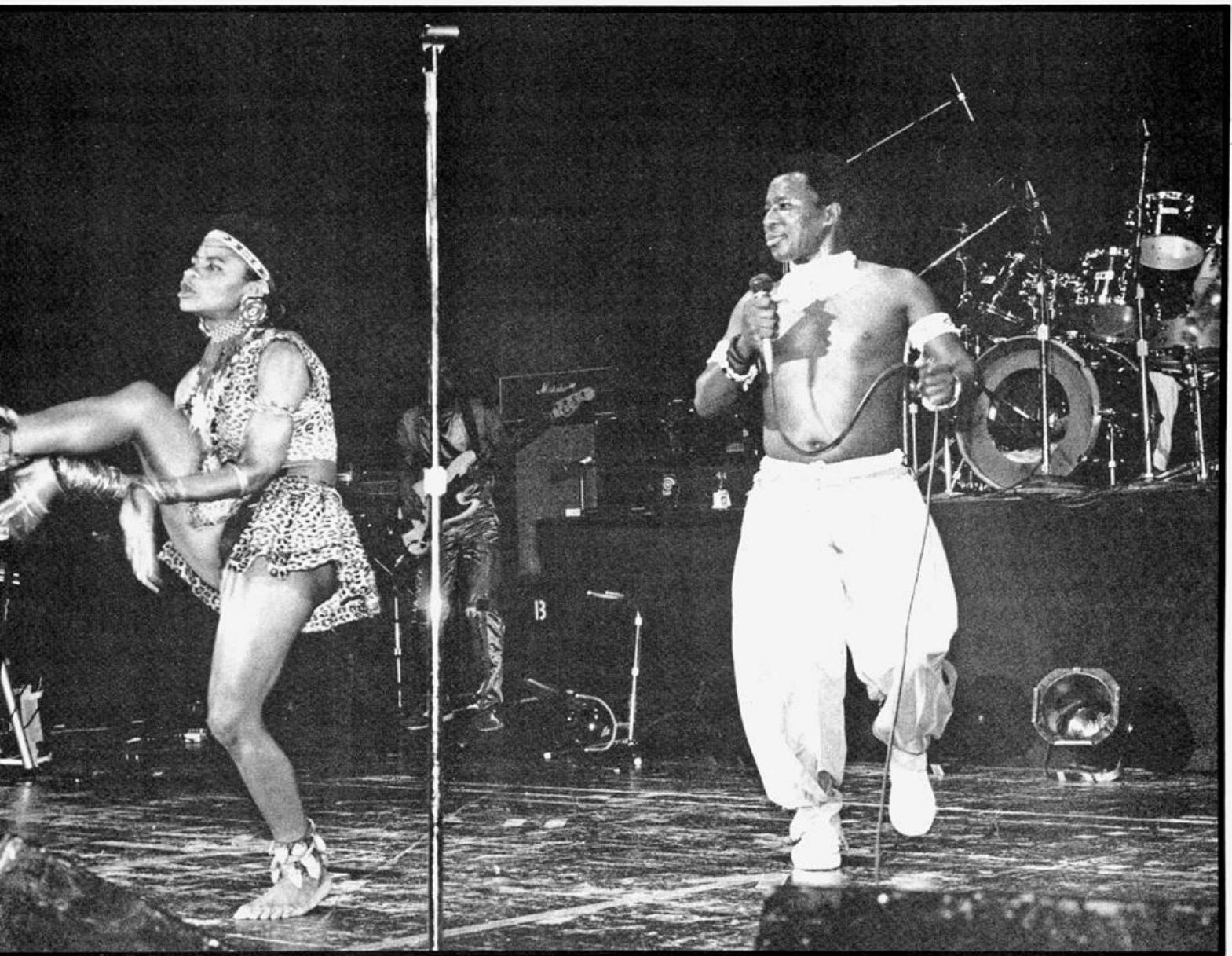
I want to make something happen to people so their brains turn off. One of my goals is to translate the way African music is used to transform people's experience of being together."

World Beat is far more than multi-ethnic space music. For Stewart, who founded Mapenzi out of his training with Zimbabwe marimba band master Dumisani Maraire, it is a path to becoming rooted in a real place, not a narrow province but the entire world, and cultivating a broader, more inclusive human family. Mapenzi means fool, crazy as in "transfixed by the spirit, out of your mind," he explains. "I wanted to create a family with some kind of spiritual connection between the people. I wanted to create a sense within the band that it's okay to be a fallible human fool."

The World Beat bands are made up of men and women from diverse racial and ethnic groups, all coming together in a spirit of harmony, joy and political awareness. Mapenzi (below), Freaky Executives (upper right) and Zulu Spear (right) are all part of this thriving scene.



When played with the integrity and commitment demonstrated by such bands as Mapenzi and Big City, World Beat becomes a marvelous form of "fooling around," conveying that expanded sense of place and family to the audience. It transcends the sincere but starstruck sentiments of "We Are the World" with the palpable reality. World Beat will be difficult to market, challenging the commonplace definitions of popular culture in this commodity-obsessed society. But principled eclecticism and internationalism and direct communication with its audience are its strengths and, Tommy Tompkins of Big City contends, "We intend to make this music pop music, although it's never going to sound like American music." What it sounds like is World Beat. □





Sex & Drugs

Startling new research proves that judicious use of recreational drugs
can enhance your lust life. But beware of those prescription pills!

by Nancy Langer



R

esearch into the effects of drugs on human sexuality has been ongoing for only a few decades, but interesting evidence has already turned up: evidence that is bound to unsettle all those people who enjoy telling you that recreational drugs kill sex. And it appears we have more to fear from medicine prescribed to us by our doctors than we do from most street drugs.

A hidden web of social and reproductive problems exists in America which can be traced to drugs. The number one drug of dependence among teenagers is alcohol, yet alcohol and tobacco products are legal and easily available. Drugs like cocaine, amphetamines, and steroids can also have an influence on human sexual behavior. Interestingly, some researchers have listed cocaine, LSD, mescaline, amyl nitrate, and marijuana (when used intelligently, in moderation) as among the drugs that may actually enhance libido and sexual functioning.

According to sex therapist Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, director of the Human Sexuality Program of New York Hospital/Cornell Medical Center and author of the ground-breaking book *The Human Sexuality Program*, "There may well be a positive side to drug use for some. Some alter both the intensity of sexual behavior and pleasure. When other substances affect only the physiological response, there are greater feelings, deeper, and spiritual."

(continued on next page)



WESLEY

Adds the Doctor wryly, "Unfortunately, most substances which influence human sexuality diminish rather than enhance erotic pleasure."

In some fields, knowledge of sexual effects of drugs is considerable; in others it is virtually nonexistent. But sexual side effects of prescription medicine have been ignored too long. Many physicians have pooh-poohed such problems, not even keeping records of patients' complaints. Another research handicap has been that patients often fail to report negative sexual side effects of medicine to the doctors that prescribe it. According to the *British Journal of Medicine*, "Men are prone to exaggeration about their sexual

psychological variables. The biological factors include:

- your genetic history
- your body size
- your metabolism and your body's rate of absorption
- whether you are taking other drugs at the same time and whether the drugs chemically interact
- any underlying illnesses you may have
- dosage
- whether you are male or female

Certain key psychological factors also influence what sexual side effects a person may experience. These include your expectation of what the drug will do for you, the setting in

in the field. Says Dr. Money, "The continuing neglect of women's sexuality (by researchers) is really a shocking thing, but it's very pervasive." He further points out that no one is exactly sure how the sexual side effects of many drugs are produced within the body. "It is not yet known whether these [drugs] have their effect either directly on nerve endings in the sex organs or in the sexual pathways in the brain that send their nerve fibers down to the sex organs."

Determining Sexual Side Effects

For the past few years, sex researchers have been examining these side effects, looking for very specific data which might provide clues to their origins within the body. Their methodology is extremely precise.

You or I may be satisfied to simply say that the pills prescribed by our doctor seemed to lower our desire for sex, or that, on the other hand, a particular brand of marijuana kept us going for hours. But sex researchers need more concrete, less experientially-based data.

By using a digital cuff and ultrasound, researchers can measure penile blood pressure in men. If a man's normal penile blood pressure lowers as the result of taking a particular brand of medication, that drug-effect can be precisely quantified. Another method might be to measure the amount of semen in an ejaculation, or the amount of sperm in a sample drop of ejaculate. A normal man produces about a tablespoon of semen in one ejaculation, in which an approximate 50 million sperm swim. If that changes as a result of ingesting medicine, often the cause can be scientifically deduced.

For women, side effects of drugs are studied somewhat differently. A researcher may utilize special sensory detectors to measure the amount of vaginal lubrication produced during sexual excitation. Or reproductive changes may be examined, tracking the menstrual cycle over a number of months or years.

Some researchers complain that male anatomy, because it is external, makes easier study than female. John Ostwald, an expert in sexuality, disagrees. "I don't believe that female anatomy and physiology is any more difficult to examine and research than male. It depends on what is being examined. Many aspects of male anatomy that are researched are internal—for example, the prostate. Perhaps it's more a reflection of the fact that men

You or I may say that prescription pills seem to lower our desire, or that marijuana keeps us going for hours, but sex researchers need more concrete data.

prowess and virility. This may lead them to conceal sexual side effects and deceive their physicians about them. Women, on the other hand, so it has been said, tend to underreport their sexual experiences."

As a result, during the '60s and '70s, while everyone was scurrying about trying to prove how dangerous recreational drugs were, drugs more widely in use—prescription medicines—were quietly causing a host of sexual woes for Americans. Recently things have begun to change, with more and more scientists seriously concentrating on the real problem—negative sexual side effects produced by prescription drugs.

Drug-Effects Factors

What have the researchers uncovered? Sexual side effects of any kind of drug—medicinal or recreational—vary according to a host of biological and

which you take it, and your individual feelings about various sexual side effects that may be produced. The same drug may produce different effects in different people, according to Dr. Kaplan.

Of course, the drug culture has known about this for years. For example, a woman may experience a different sexual side effect from taking the exact same drug as her partner. Scientifically exploring how drugs affect both men and women is part of the researcher's task. And at present, not enough is known about how women's bodies react to drugs.

Dr. John Money, Director of the Psychohormonal Research Unit at Johns Hopkins Hospital, is one of a handful of internationally known researchers

are the researchers."

Drugs commonly used in the treatment of high blood pressure and vascular disorders can impair male ejaculation and diminish libido and erection capacities. These "beta blockers" indisputably save lives, though long-term administration of them can significantly diminish libido in some patients. The adverse effect of hypertensive medication on males is so well known that years ago one pharmaceutical company advertised its product to doctors with the slogan, "Lower his blood pressure...not his potency."

Drugs used to treat ulcers, glaucoma, and other eye disorders have also been shown to cause impotence in men, by affecting the parasympathetic nervous system. Antabuse (disulfiram), used in the treatment of alcohol addiction, has been reported to cause occasional impotence. Like all opiates, codeine is thought to decrease libido and sexual response.

But one of the most sexually disruptive groups of medications are those used to reduce various degrees of stress, anxiety and depression. Sometimes called antidepressants or antipsychotics, these drugs are very widely prescribed, not just by psychiatrists, but by family doctors, gynecologists, pediatricians, and other specialists. Antidepressants as common as Librium (chlordiazepoxide) have produced bizarre sexual side effects in people, and heavier antipsychotics such as Mellaril (thioridazine) are even trickier. Some males who take these medications will not be able to get a full erection, others will not be able to ejaculate, and still others will feel an ejaculation but nothing will come out of the penis. In fact, some major antidepressants so dependably block ejaculation that some clinicians are experimenting with it on patients who are psychologically normal, but suffer from pre-ejaculation or have nocturnal emissions.

Women are prescribed antidepressants and antipsychotics even more often than men, and as a result have experienced a host of maladies. Among these: disappearance of vaginal lubrication, inhibited orgasm, disrupted menses, unexplained lactation (production of milk in the breasts), and false pregnancy test results. In addition to these directly observable side effects, a woman may experience many negative emotional responses which could interrupt her sexual plea-

sure. For example, if a medication makes her feel vaginally dry, she may find intercourse painful and embarrassing. If a woman gains weight during drug therapy she may feel sexually unappealing. And a disrupted menstrual cycle could cause many reactions, from a bloated sensation to depression to fear of pregnancy.

For both men and women, there are other risks of psychiatric medications. Behavioral side effects—tremors, stiffness of muscles, some loss of facial mobility, facial spasms, compulsive pacing and ulcerlike sores in the throat and other mucous membranes—may appear and can also adversely affect sexuality. Years of regular administration of certain phenothiazine-based antipsychotic medications can result in tardive dyskinesia, an untreatable condition which involves involuntary body movements—often of the mouth and tongue. The condition is so strange and unattractive, it effectively removes its sufferers from the social/sexual marketplace entirely.

There is also evidence which suggests that psychiatric medications affect the endocrine glands, which secrete hormones that stimulate and control growth metabolism and the digestive and reproductive systems. The endocrine system includes the thyroid, pituitary, adrenals, thymus, ovaries and testicles.

One theory in general acceptance holds that nearly all drugs which diminish sexual appetite and responsiveness do so affecting the basic "hypothalamus-pituitary axis" in the brain. Opiate drugs, alcohol, "beta-blocker" antihypertensives, and various antipsychotic medications have all been seen in test animals to promote a gradual increase in the production of a hormone called *prolactin* from the pituitary. Prolactin itself works on the entire endocrine-gland system to block the action of "active" sex hormones like testosterone, a follicle-stimulating hormone, and leutenizing hormone. Regular administration of any of these drugs, over periods of months and years, seems to indirectly diminish one's sex drive, by promoting a progressive buildup of prolactin in the bloodstream. Whether they do so by directly affecting the pituitary gland, or by affecting "releasing factors" produced by the hypothalamus to trigger the release of pituitary hormones, is the object of much current speculation and research.

One of the things which clearly distinguishes the user of recreational drugs from the patient on medication is drug

consciousness. Recreational drug users are extremely conscious of side effects produced by drugs, both positive and negative—including sexual side effects. But patients taking medicine and the doctors that prescribe it often overlook sexual side effects entirely. Many people are often unaware that the medicine they are taking is the cause of new sexual difficulties.

For those who do figure the problem out, they may believe that this is the price they'll have to pay for the benefits of medication. On the other hand, negative sexual side effects may be the reason why some patients discontinue taking needed medications—such as high-blood-pressure medicine. And that can be dangerous. It can even kill.

Ostwald, a sex therapist in practice in Long Island, New York, has counseled countless individuals experiencing sexual problems. It is his belief that the research on sex and drugs should shake up America's doctors—and make them change their clinical routines. "Doctors need to get beyond their embarrassment about talking directly to a patient about sex, and simply inform them about the possible negative side effects of various medications." It is common medical procedure for physicians to discuss with patients possible gastrointestinal or neurological effects of drugs—"Have you had gas?" "Has the medication made you sleepy?" But despite today's more liberal attitudes toward sex, doctors are much less likely to inquire of their patients whether they have noticed a change in sexual appetite and performance. Says Ostwald, "If a physician is comfortable with the subject it is not like being a voyeur; it is obtaining a medically pertinent fact."

He continues, "All too often what usually happens is that the physician, informed of a sexual malfunction by a patient on medication, checks the patient's blood pressure, sees that he has a penis, and declares that the impotence is all in his head." Often, countering such problems can be as easy as changing the dosage level or trying another pharmaceutical brand.

What's Ostwald's advice to all of us who may have to take medicines prescribed by our doctors? "Don't be too shy to get the information you need. Sexual health isn't the result of apathy and indifference. You have to work at it." If a prescription drug does produce a negative sexual side effect you can bet your doctor isn't going to tell you. Make sure you make it your business to ask. □

The word "MARIJUANA" is rendered in a bold, blocky font where each letter is a vertical rectangle. The letters are filled with a dense, black-and-white pattern that resembles the texture of marijuana leaves. The letters are slightly irregular in height and width, giving them a hand-drawn or stamped appearance.

MARIJUANATHON

A dark, horizontal band with a grainy, textured surface, possibly representing a film strip or a stylized banner.



Planting pot in the mountainous jungles of Maui is a torturous task not for the faint of heart: barreling up hellhole backroads, trekking wearily—and warily—through slimy swamps, brazenly evading vulturous bandits... But it is also a modern-day quest for adventure, a test of strength for body and soul, and a chance to reap the righteous rewards of a rebel mission. We sent writer WILLIAM ANSEL on the Maui jungle journey at planting time, along with two veteran growers. He made it back—barely—and filed this report.—Ed.

Drivin' in the Dark



etting out of the sack at any hour before 9:30 doesn't really strike my fancy, but 2:30 A.M. is absolutely ridiculous. But, I had an assignment

from HIGH TIMES, so felt duty-bound to get out of my warm, cozy bed when Allan knocked on my door. I could see the heavens were studded with stars as I pulled on my green T-shirt, jeans, shoes and my prized Harford County Grain and Feed hat. I quickly stuffed a change of clean clothes and my camouflaged rain gear into a gym bag for later use.

My assignment, specifically, was to tag along with a pair of local growers from Maui, Allan and Jimmy, and to document what went down on one of their planting expeditions. The two growers had agreed to take me along if I was willing to share in the work. The growers were dealing with a double-edged sword, in regard to my reporting on their operation: To tell their tale in a national publication was neat, but to face a five-year stretch for the thrill was sobering, to say the least.

It sounded like fun when I made

the deal on the phone, but now, tasting some kind of green fuzz growing on the inside of my mouth as a result of the previous night's indulgence in tequila, brew and Maui bud, I was more than ready to renege on the assignment. Aaaargh! Why had I gone along with such a loony idea?

I threw down a handful of vitamins and chased them with a glass of milk. Breakfast. I gave myself a B-12 injection, as I fully realized that I was going to need all the energy I could muster. Despite Allan's loathing of needles, he decided that he had better have one also.

Allan was dressed from head to toe in green camouflage clothing. He strapped on his Marine K-Bar knife and looked every bit the part of a character in a *Rambo* flick. We threw our gear in the back of his truck and zoomed off into the darkness.

Allan drove down and around as many nondescript roads as he could manage, so that I would never be able to accurately identify our exact destination. He could have saved himself some time and gas, as I was too dazed at this early hour to be paying attention. Fact was, I didn't care. The location was, as they say, moot.

My story was in the procedure—the how, not the where. Hell, I didn't want the planting spot found either, as it was obvious that if it ever did get discovered, I would be the number-one suspect!

As was his custom, Allan lit up a fat joint and passed it to me. I usually don't smoke until my day's work is finished, but this was going to be a very long day, so I decided, "What the shit, when in Rome..." The combination of the primo Maui bud and the wee hour had me in Ozone City immediately.

After about a twenty-minute drive, Allan whipped his pickup onto a narrow dirt road. He followed what was little more than an animal trail through a dense forest until he stopped in front of a wooden shack with a jeep parked next to it. Jimmy the Grower, Allan's partner, was busy loading in the back of the jeep when he arrived. I held the flashlight and watched as 60 very healthy, twelve-to-fourteen-inch female plants were set in place. The plants were six-weeks-old and had been made from cuttings. Jimmy strapped our backpacks on the roof of the jeep, and we were ready to head toward the mountains.

Getting three grown men into the two small front seats of a jeep is no easy trick under any circumstance, but to add to the difficulty, Allan and I are big dudes. Since I was at the bottom of the pecking order of this group, I got the middle, which meant I straddled the gearshift, locked my left arm around the driver's seat and held on for dear life. I used my gym bag as a seat cushion—this saved much wear and tear on my cheeks. Allan squeezed his big body in beside me, Jimmy cranked up the jeep, and off we went.

Secret Roads, Scary Trails

Since one of the primary prerequisites of keeping a growing area a secret is not to be seen, Jimmy used all back roads in order to reach his destination. As in unpaved, unknown back roads. Jimmy and Allan were obviously accustomed to the ruts and ditches that we blasted over, but my teeth were





dancing in my head.

We roared up into the mountains, the jeep's engine whining under the strain of the load. The trail must have been recorded somewhere in Jimmy's head, as there were no discernible landmarks that I could distinguish. It all appeared the same to me—lots of trees and underbrush. He would whip into what looked like solid brush, and suddenly there would be another thinly disguised trail on the other side.

Just when I thought I'd seen the worst road of my life, Jimmy zipped almost straight down a sort of logging trail. This was the granddaddy of bad roads. It took all of my energy and strength to keep my head from blasting through the roof. We careened along through the lush darkness, then he turned into a swampy area and drove bumper-deep through murky water and six-feet-high weeds for the next quarter of a mile. Down yet another ungodly trail and into a thicket of ferns. Finally, Jimmy cut the engine and announced, "Now we walk."

The Treacherous Trek

I was tremendously relieved to get out of the jeep. My left shoulder was totally numb from being locked in one position for so long, and all my internal organs had been moved to new locations. I was ready for the hike.

The growers tenderly loaded a dozen plants into each of the three backpacks. Jimmy had designed a circular cage or wire that he attached to his pack. Into the cage he put an additional dozen plants. That meant he would be toting a double load, a feat that impressed me more and more once I traversed the trail. Even though Jimmy was the smallest of the group, he was the man in charge in the mountains and went about proving his superiority in the jungle by doing more work than anyone else. That suited me just fine. In addition to carrying a double load, Jimmy would come back for the remaining plants, which we stashed in the underbrush about 50 feet from the parked jeep.

We took off our shoes and socks and put on weird little pieces of footwear called "Tobbies." These consist-

ed of little more than a wool sock attached to a rubber sole. Mine were still wet from a previous hike, and a shiver ran up my spine as I pulled them on. Next, we donned our camouflaged rain gear and helped each other get our loaded packs in position. Light was just beginning to filter through the trees as we started down the trail with Jimmy in the lead.

When I had first been informed of the planting area and the long hike to get to the place, my mind had envisioned a long, arduous, uphill climb to some secluded dell. And even though I hadn't had a pack on my back since my basic training days, I felt most confident that I could keep up. What's

I wasn't as concerned about myself as I was about the precious plants.

a 45-pound pack to a guy who's in shape?

Except, as I quickly discovered, we weren't going to be hiking through jungle, per se, but rather through water and jungle. Allan and Jimmy had told me that I could expect to be wet all day, and true to their word, I was soaked to my knees within five minutes. We ambled through a watery marshland and then broke down into a small stream. The stream bed was lined with smooth, round, black rocks, some coated with slick moss. I quickly understood the rationale behind wearing the funny-looking Tobbies. Without them, I would have been on my ass in seconds.

We cautiously made our way down the stream bed, finding footing in rocks whenever possible. On some stretches, the water was over the rocks so I would step blindly into the shimmering mass, totally unsure as

to the depth or stability of the footing. This was tough, slow going, but I figured that we would only be in the stream for a short time, so I did my best to concentrate on the task at hand. I wasn't always successful, as I would miscalculate the depth of the water and go to my knees in order to keep from falling face-first into the stream.

Soon the stream met with a rapidly flowing river, some twenty feet wide. On either side of the river were sharp, forty-foot cliffs, lined with a multitude of ferns of various shades of green. At certain spots, I had to look straight up in order to see the blue of the sky. My attention, however, was not on the scenery around me, but on my footing. It was agonizingly slow going. One step, secure balance, then the next step. Every time I began to feel confident enough to check out the lush beauty that surrounded me, I would almost do a gainer into the water.

I wasn't, at this point, as much worried about injuring myself in case I slipped as I was concerned about my 12 precious plant passengers. Both Jimmy and Allan had told me repeatedly that a fall would be the ruination of my plants, and then my ass would be grass. My only objective was to get the babies to the growing area safely.

I did my utmost to concentrate on my balance and kept thinking that we should be getting out of the water soon. Wrong! Just about the time I started to feel a tad secure in my walking skill, we came to the first of several falls we would eventually encounter during the day.

I watched in amazement as Jimmy and Allan very deftly made their way down the face of a 15-foot cascading waterfall. There was absolutely no way that I could pull it off, I thought, but since I had no place else to go and didn't want to appear to be a complete weenie, I followed, fully expecting the worst. Allan stayed close and coached me down, step by step. The amazing Tobbies grabbed and held onto the slick rocks, and I made it! We moved on down the river.

To an even bigger series of falls!

This is ridiculous, I thought. We climbed up and over a steep cliff, putting our complete trust in thin roots and aged limbs of decaying trees in order to pull ourselves upward. We edged our way around a rock cliff that overlooked a spectacular collection of lacy falls. But the beauty of the place eluded me at the time, as I realized that just one slip and me and all my goodies would be history. At this point, my concern shifted from the plants on my back to my own limbs.

Each turn in the river brought forth a tremendous section of real estate. The only thing going through my mind was not to be in a hurry and to just take one step at a time. I wished that I had passed on that last joint, as my mind kept wandering off the task at hand. We trudged on, ducking under some trees, climbing up over others, and wading waist-deep in pools when there was no other passage.

And Now, to Work

Up ahead, I saw Jimmy and Allan pulling off their packs. I hoped that this was our destination and not just a rest stop. Fortunately, it was the former. We had been hiking for 55 minutes. The first order of business was to check out the plants that Allan and Jimmy had put in the ground a week earlier. We assaulted a steep cliff, broke through undergrowth into the patch. Or patches, to be exact. Five separate patches had been cleared and fifty righteous plants were waving gently in the breeze. The growers did an inventory and found them all to be alive and thriving. Both Jimmy and Allan got quite excited over the growth the plants had experienced during the last seven days, and I could hear the cash register ringing in the mountains.

But there was much work ahead. Allan and I followed Jimmy as he surveyed the area for a spot to plant our current load. He found a section he liked and dug into the underbrush to extract a sample of the soil. It was surprising to see how much the consistency of the soil varied in just a matter of a few feet. One shovelful would bring up a rich, loamy earth,

while two feet away it would be nothing but clay.

Jimmy selected an area in a tall fern grove. Allan demonstrated the cleaning procedure using a pick. It was like waving a heavy weed-whip. This I could do. Allan handed me the shovel and we waded into the undergrowth, some of it higher than our heads. We cleared an area some 20-by-15 feet. The quality of the soil deteriorated at the perimeter, so Jimmy walked deeper into the jungle and tested more soil. A spot on a ridge was designated as our primary planting area. Allan and I set about clearing this larger section as Jimmy returned to fetch the remaining plants that we had hidden near the jeep.

We set aside our tools for a bit, in order to check out our cargo. We gently lifted the plants from the packs and to our dismay found that a large number had been damaged during transport. Allan quickly set up a marijuana M*A*S*H station and went about the task of repairing the broken youngsters. He put splints on about a half-dozen, using twigs from the fern plants and adhesive tape. Some lost limbs, others got cut way back, still others were grafted. Only two were deemed lost, and even these were eventually placed in the earth and given a chance for survival.

A light rain began to fall, so Allan decided that this would be a good time to take a break and have some nourishment. We each had a chicken sandwich, a tasty nectarine and some water from our canteen. A feast in the jungle. Allan fired up a joint, and we crawled under the tarp that Jimmy had erected, to wait out the shower. The light drizzle increased in force and we had to be content to just sit and watch the downpour dance off the thousands of ferns that surrounded us. After the better portion of an hour, it slowed to a misty sprinkle, and we went back to clearing out the larger section that would soon be the new home to about three-fourth of our plants.

The work was hard, but the brush gave away rather easily. Allan was thoroughly enjoying himself. He decided that his ancestors must have

been the pioneers who cleared the forests as the settlers pushed west. He couldn't decide whether he enjoyed the clearing or the planting the most. Finally, he decided that he liked them equally well. Whenever Allan would take a breather from clearing, he would pull out his ever-present K-Bar knife and practice throwing it into an extremely old Hapu tree. He would pretend that a masked bandit jumped out of the brush and demanded all his goods. He would whirl and throw. "Aaaaaaaa! Another dastardly outlaw bites the dust."

Planting Primo Pot

Jimmy returned with the remainder of the plants and helped us finish clearing the patch, which I deemed worthy to be called a grove—it was just too large to be a patch. The next step was to dig the holes. The procedure actually entails chopping up the soil, rather than digging a hole. Allan and I started digging while Jimmy went to his stash place and carried back three large bags of fertilizer. This was no easy feat, as each bag weighed about fifty pounds. How he climbed the steep cliff with this load I still don't know.

After the holes were made, three double-handfuls of fertilizer were to be piled on each one. Since I was the low end of this work chain, I was assigned the unenviable task of scooping the fertilizer from the sack and putting it on the holes. This was nitro guano—bat manure—extremely potent, and some of the nastiest-smelling shit I had ever come across. These particular bags had been stored in the mountains for the past three years, which only added to their already rank aroma. It was like sticking my head in a diaper pail. My eyes were burning and smarting by the time I finished with the first three / continued on page 71

Pot-Ent Payoff

Why do Maui growers work so hard and take so many risks? Check out the centerfold (pages 50–51) and see why it's worth it!



Artist in L

Vibrant, semi-surreal L.A. landscapes are making TOM JENKINS the



A Total Suspended Particulate Episode. L.A. 2/21/85

Tom Jenkins' paintings of Californian civilization at moments of apocalyptic convulsion have all the comic/gritty impact of a high-speed freeway smash-up in the bright light of midafternoon. His visions are ominous views of an urban landscape riddled with cultural crimes against nature: flaming freeways, oil spills, overbuilt housing developments, leaking nuclear reactors, monstrous architecture—all are examples of a complex, sophisticated technology pushed beyond the limits of rational control. However seductively these scenes are presented—and they are sensually mesmerizing, painted in shiny enamel colors on bright aluminum—the skull of imminent catastrophe grins evilly from beneath their glazed, numbed-out, brittle beauty. Like Raymond Chandler's '30s L.A., Jenkins' images of the City of the Angels are an '80s version of that terrible Californian beauty, "like a tarantula on a piece of angel food cake." These works are the biting jokes of an artist-moralist, one who sounds the ding-dong bell of doom with double-edged "jokes," paintings which crack you up with their cartoon craziness, and which also move you to cathartic despair and, perhaps, even energetic protest with their pointed political commentary. As satires, Jenkins' funny, disturbing tableaux are an exemplary model for an art that addresses our contemporary crisis with both style and moral fervor.

—John Howell

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Photographs courtesy
Karl Bornstein Gallery,
Santa Monica, California

• Tropical Blend



HEAVENLY HAWAIIAN

Photo by Giancarlo Galladoro

A Plant Pot-pourri

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

I am writing this letter in response to a letter which was published in your February 1985 issue. The writer attested to successfully cultivating the variety "Cannabis Ruderalis." I did some research and came up with some interesting facts. Ruderalis, meaning "road-side" has only been found in the U.S.S.R.

The variety does not require human help, since the seed pods

detach easily. The plant is self-seeding and self-sufficient. The plant never exceeds three feet in height, and does not produce a potent bud. I would say it is very unlikely that ruderalis has filtered its way into the U.S.

—Ruder Research

N. Hollywood, Calif.

I agree.

Dear Ed,

I was wondering if I should start my plants with 24 hours of light a day. If so, how many days should I give it to them?

—J.B.

Vermont

The plants will grow faster if they are given continuous light for at least the first two months. The plants do not need a "sleep" or "rest period." They will continue to photosynthesize and carry on their light-cycle metabolic processes as long as the light is shining. Outdoors, in northern latitudes, plants receive 18 to 20 hours of light a day at midsummer, and they grow very fast under this light regimen.

Since the seedlings are small, a single light source will hold enough plants to fill a larger garden of older

plants. Some growers use fluorescents for germination the first two or three weeks.

Dear Ed,

I have harvested seven indoor crops, each an improvement over the last. However, I have a serious problem which I can't eradicate. It starts with a fair proportion of the seedlings developing rust-colored and necrotic areas, particularly along the leaf margins. Few of the plants die, and most recover, although their growth rate is affected. I have experimented with a variety of soils, but the problem persists. I believe it is a potassium (K) deficiency, but adding nutrients doesn't necessarily help. What's going on?

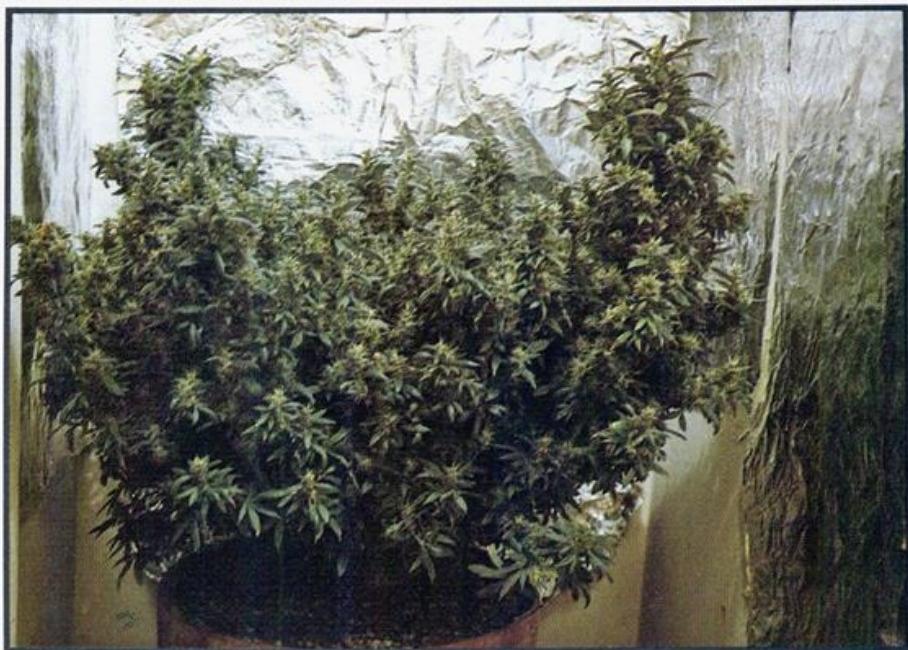
Also, my ceiling is low; my plants are limited to six feet in height. In order to get the bushiest plant, but avoiding pruning too close to flowering (about 75 days), how many times should I pinch the main shoots and at what stage of development?

Thanks for your help!!!

—Capt. Steve
Gainesville, Fla.

The plants are suffering from a magnesium or iron-zinc deficiency which can be corrected using Epsom salts if it is magnesium, or an iron-zinc-manganese fertilizer for iron or zinc.

I do not think pruning the plants to promote side-shoots actually in-



● Plant of the Month

I am very stoned right now off this plant. Less than five months ago I knew nothing about growing anything, but I had had it with paying \$40 and up for a quarter-ounce. This is the second harvest [a few of the 75 cut branches are still visible], which ended up matching the half-pound of dried bud from the first harvest. The third harvest was too stony to smoke (almost).

CO₂ is a must indoors. Anybody who doesn't agree should try it for a week!

—K.B.
Bloomington, Ind.

Advice on lighting, potassium deficiency, harsh herb and other pot topics



Bud of the Month

Despite rabbits, spider mites, deer, rip-offs, cops and spy-in-the-sky planes, I managed to bring in at least some dynamite smoke. The buds are a cross between Afghani Indica and Pakistani Indica. The whole plant was only six feet tall but was six feet wide. Total harvest from that plant was 11 ounces of trimmed prime sinse. Not bad for a cold-climate Northeast state.

—L.R.B.

New Hampshire

creases the total harvest. First of all, it sets the plants back because the growing tips, where growth is fastest, are removed. The plant loses a few days each time pruning takes place. Secondly, the buds growing on secondary branches are smaller than buds grown on plants

with less branching. I think that unpruned plants actually produce more weight per square foot of space used than do pruned plants.

Dear Ed,

I am writing this letter in response to your request in the May '85 Ask Ed column for an explanation of the Emerson effect.

The key absorbent pigment in leaves is chlorophyll, which is responsible for the green color of plants. Chlorophyll captures the sun's energy and uses it to power a chemical reaction, which leads to the production of sugar. Visible light ranges from a blue light, which has a strong, short wavelength of 390 nanometers (nm), to red light, which has a weak, long wavelength that stretches to 810 nm. Chlorophyll absorbs light at 680 and 700 nm in the red band. Emerson observed that energy created from absorption of light above 680 nm decreases greatly because of the longer, weaker red wavelength. The decrease in energy absorbed from light above 680 nm can be restored to the energy level absorbed at 680 nm by simultaneous application of blue light.

What this means is that constant beams of red and blue light are responsible for an increased photosynthetic rate when compared to both bands of light being used at separate times. When growing indoors you must make sure that the lamps produce adequate amounts of both blue and red light. Halides do. Warm white fluorescents are high in reds,

/ continued on next page



Garden of the Month

The plants in this photo are so resin-coated, they look white in the reflecting light. The strings were needed because the plants were so heavy. This was my first attempt at gardening. I used to think it was impossible to even grow marijuana. —The Dismal Valley Doctor

Olean, N.Y.

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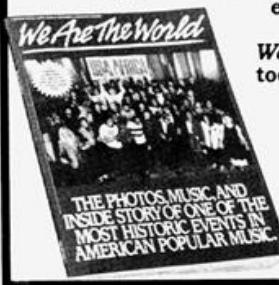
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PERIGEE



Ask Ed

/ continued from previous page

cool whites in blue.

—Botanist/Potanist Wizard
East Coast

Dear Ed,

My smoke this year is awfully harsh. Is there anything I can do to change that before I harvest all of it?

Also, if I dug a big hole this fall and filled it full of manure, would it be good enough to grow my plants in next year?

—Joe W.
Tennessee

Buds that are harvested and quick-dried for testing tend to be harsh. Proper slow drying in a cool, dark place with draft will enhance the smoking qualities of the end product.

Over the winter the manure should have enough time to compost. It will support a plant's nutritional needs. However, the compost will be too acidic for pot unless lime is added. It is best to do this before the manure is composted.

Dear Ed,

I have some Afghani plants that were started four-and-a-half months ago, and now they are solid buds.

My dilemma is that they are only two feet tall. When I clip the buds, should the plant return to its vegetative stage, or will the plants just die off after I harvest the buds?

—Tumble Weed Connection
Tampa, Fla.

If some leaf material is left on the plants when the buds are harvested, the plants have a good chance of regenerating. Just turn the lights on continuously for several days and then to the normal vegetative growth cycle that you use.

Dear Ed,

There are some merchandisers who are claiming that there are legal substances that naturally contain cannabidiol. Since cannabidiol can be easily converted into THC through isomerization, the claimants state that all you need to do is extract the oil from these legal substances, and isomerize, and a powerful THC oil will be produced.

Are these claims true? Are there

any substances which naturally contain cannabidiol and are legally available?

—R.K.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the best of my knowledge, the cannabinoids are unique to cannabis. They are found in no other life form except spider mites and potheads.

Dear Ed,

I had my first harvest (indoors in soil) a year ago, and with the exception of a few flaws, it was a success. I grew two types of seed. One was a California/Mexican cross that turned out very stony and gave a total body high. I also grew some Colombian seeds from some very good goldish-colored smoke. The Colombian plants grew buds that looked like little Christmas trees with globs of resin.

The problem was, these little beauties tasted great, but they had no buzz at all. Not even a little buzz. The plants were harvested on a nine-hour light cycle. The seedless bracts swelled so big that some split and opened like a tiny yellow flower with four petals. I harvested the plants three or four days after I noticed the flowers. The buds were 100 percent sinsemilla, and unpollinated. What was the reason for no THC?

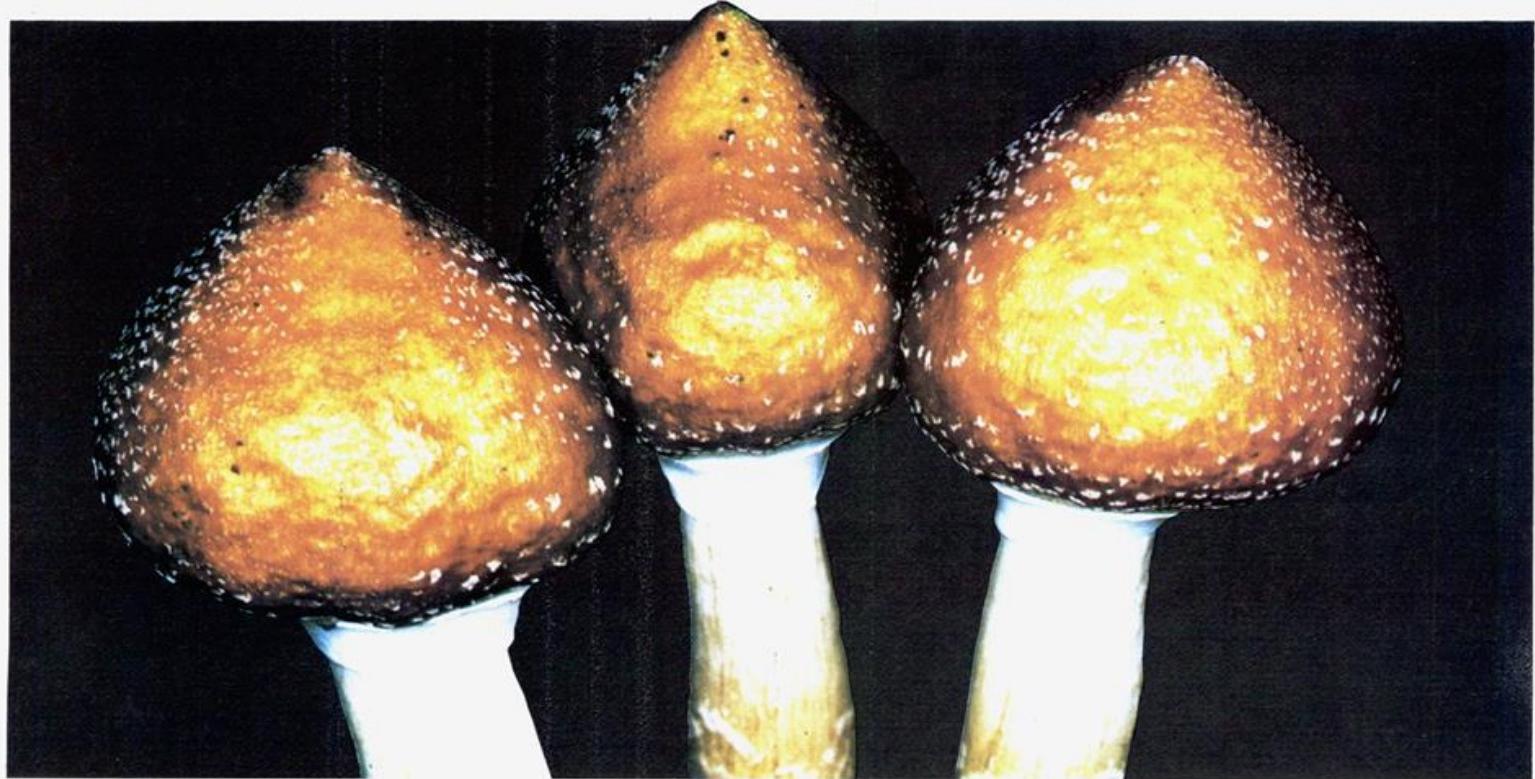
Thanks,
—Icepick
Winnemucca, Nev.

The plants had a problem in their heredity. Either the females were fertilized by dud males, the seeds were from bunk grass, or the seeds were bunk, added to the grass to increase its weight. The yellow flowers mixed in with the females were males.

I welcome tips, comments and questions about marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also welcome are photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month Contest. Send all correspondence to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. If your letter or photo is used, you will receive a free copy of my book, Marijuana Growers Handbook, Indoor/Greenhouse Edition.

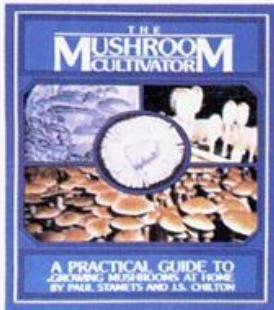
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BIG BROTHER IN THE BATHROOM

Mandatory urine-testing is an invasion of privacy that *must* be stopped. JOANNE C. GAMPEL, M.A. reports on a dirty business.

Urine-testing. The term does not exactly generate waves of excitement among magazine readers, unless they happen to be among the rapidly increasing number of people forced to undergo urinalysis. And yet HIGH TIMES has been running piss-test stories for years—including a cover story in our November '82 issue—continually hammering away at a topic that is, for many readers, a total turn-off.

What makes us keep harping on this unsavory topic? The fact that it's so damned *important*. In fact, the proliferation of involuntary urine-testing is one of the most explosive issues of our times, a Big Brother scandal of horrific proportions.

The military has been running regular urine tests on soldiers, sailors and flyboys for years. Now the Pentagon has announced its intention to administer urinalysis to its civilian employees. A recent estimate revealed that as many as 125 of the Fortune 500 companies now require urine tests for employees—usually excluding management, of course—as well as all applicants for employment, as do uncountable thousands of smaller companies and municipal employers. Major League Baseball Commissioner Peter Ueberroth, in a typical grandstanding ploy, has announced required urine-testing for all MLB employees except umpires, who later agreed to voluntarily submit to testing, and big-league ballplayers, whose union protects them from such dehumanization. And in perhaps the most chilling of all recent cases, a New Jersey school district announced plans to give urine tests to *all* students.

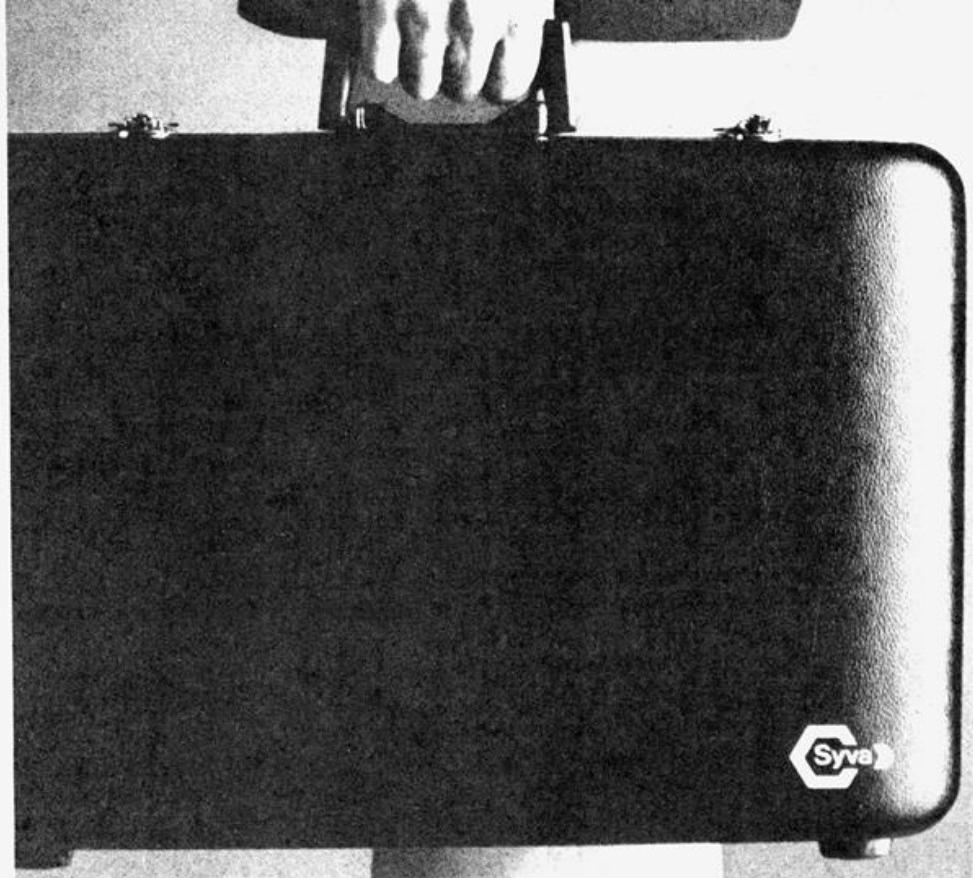
This, friends, is getting really scary. HIGH TIMES gets letters and phone calls every day from anguished, desperate people who have lost their job as a result of a positive piss test. What makes this even scarier is the fact that many of these callers swear that the positive test results are totally wrong, that they had not used drugs within months of taking the test, or had never used drugs. The vast majority of these calls do not come from hardcore dopers or frequent flyers on the more benign controlled substances. They come from average American working men and women, many of whom enjoy a joint on the weekend or after work, just as a large percentage of America's work force enjoys a similarly harmless indulgence in alcohol. These desperate callers, whose only "crime" has been to indulge in occasional mild alteration of consciousness, outside of the workplace and on their own time, have lost, or are in danger of losing, their livelihood, their means of supporting themselves and their family. When a constitutionally questionable, morally reprehensible violation of human dignity such as this can be so arbitrarily exercised, we are in danger of plunging into the very nadir of American civilization.

Urine-testing is an outrage, an indefensible violation of everything for which this country stands. One can scarcely imagine a more loathsome invasion of privacy than the forcible investigation of American citizens' personal bodily excretions. What's next—mandatory genital exams to detect people who are sexually active and thus in danger of depleting their energy for the production line or the battlefield?

Urine-testing is Big Brother to the max, and IT MUST BE STOPPED. The first step in halting this ugly practice is to disseminate as much information as possible on the subject. To that end, we will be running two extremely important articles on urinalysis, one in this month's issue and one in an upcoming issue. This month's piece is an overview of the current state of urine-testing in America, written by Joanne C. Gampel, M.A., the Director of the Council on Marijuana and Health. In a forthcoming issue, Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer will present a detailed analysis of urinalysis, including how the tests work—and often don't work—what drugs are most commonly tested for, and how you can beat a urine test.

Urine-testing. It's not an attractive subject. But it's an increasingly important one. You owe it to yourself to know as much as possible about this turn-off topic.

You could be next.—Ed.



Syva

The use of drugs is rampant in our society today. Approximately 160 million Americans have used alcohol, 65 million have used marijuana, 25 million have used cocaine, and about two million have used heroin. During the past year, an estimated 125 million Americans consumed alcohol, 35 million Americans used marijuana, 15 million consumed cocaine, and 500,000 persons used heroin. It is important to remember that the majority of persons who use drugs, including, of course, those who use alcohol, are moderate and responsible adult users. However, ten percent of the American population have addictive personalities and therefore abuse drugs.

It has been estimated that alcohol and other drug abuse costs the American economy \$26 billion a year, which includes lost productivity, medical expenses and law enforcement. Of social concern to industry are the costs of absenteeism, slowdowns, mistakes and sick leave, which amount to about \$5 billion each year. In order to combat this problem as well as the problem of safety at the workplace, many employers have instituted drug-screening programs and employee-assistance programs.

The proliferation and abuses of drug-screening programs are unbelievable.

These programs first began in the early '70s, when they were used in drug rehabilitation centers and prisons. But, it was not until 1981, with the introduction of the first mass urine-screening test for marijuana—the most widely used illicit drug—that the use of these drug tests became embedded in our society. Produced by the Syva corporation, the EMIT test for identifying marijuana users has spurred the growth and use of tests for marijuana and other drugs.

No one would argue with the belief that it is to a company's benefit to improve productivity and ensure safety, but are we in fact improving productivity and safety by the use of these drug-screening tests? A study needs to be undertaken to scientifically address this important question. I would be willing to make the research hypothesis that *the use of drug-screening tests does not lead to an increase in work-productivity*. If my research hypothesis is correct, then why are we conducting these tests? Should we then look for other ways to increase productivity, ensure safety and try to solve the problem of alcohol and other drug abuse?

Will You Be Next?

At this point, I am sure all of you are wondering who is being tested and "Will I be next?" These tests affect everyone, whether or not one uses marijuana or other illicit substances, because (1) who wants to be subjected to giving a urine specimen to his or her

company for analysis, and (2) the results of these tests are not 100 percent accurate. In fact, they are far from a reliable degree of accuracy.

Results of a study recently published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by Hanson, Caucill and Boone of the Centers for Disease Control, in conjunction with the National Institute on Drug Abuse, show the high degree of inaccuracy of drug-testing done between 1972 and 1981. The drugs tested for included barbiturates, amphetamines, methadone, cocaine, codeine and morphine. The study group evaluated the performance of 13 laboratories, which served a total of 262 methadone treatment facilities. By submitting prereduced samples (i.e., samples containing drugs) through the treatment facilities as patient samples (blind testing), a measure of reliability of the testing facilities was evaluated.

Gov't Witch-hunt Wrecks Lives!

People's lives have been destroyed as a result of the inaccuracy of these tests. The military, which is the largest employer of drug tests, had to recall thousands of service personnel who had been unfairly punished because of laboratories' errors in urinalysis-testing for illicit drug use. The navy recalled 4,000 persons and the army recalled an undisclosed number. At Fort

Francisco was fired as the result of two EMIT tests given 10 days apart. He called the positive test results "impossible." These are just a few cases that have been reported. I present these examples to show that the government's witch-hunt against drug users is a policy that hurts all citizens.

The military is the largest employer of urine tests for drugs. In 1984 alone, the navy conducted 1.8 million tests, some given to a person more than once. Sixty thousand samples were positive, and of these, 27,851 were designated to be confirmed drug abusers. The samples that tested positive with the urine test were confirmed with gas-chromatography/mass spectrometry or GC/MS, a computerized method for measuring drugs. After the poor results of the EMIT tests, as well as legal challenges from 1981-1983, the armed forces decided to confirm positive results with another type of test. However, there are problems with confirmation tests (more on this later).

Of these 27,851 so-called drug abusers, 17,417 received nonjudicial punishment, 1,710 were court-martialed, and 6,596 were discharged. It cost the navy \$8.5 million to administer these tests in 1984. In 1983, when they conducted 1.2 million tests, it cost \$9.5 million, and in 1982, the initial year of testing, it cost \$10 million. With respect to the other

his/her commander's decision, he/she is either punished administratively, court-martialed or discharged. Usually a higher-ranking official will receive a more severe punishment. With respect to the army, 800,000 tests were given last year, and I have no information on the outcome of the tests. The coast guard administered 43,000 tests in 1984 and administratively discharged 2.5 percent of its service personnel. It is important to note that when a person joins the armed forces, he/she must fill out a form regarding past and present use of drugs and must sign a form saying that he/she will never use drugs while serving in the armed forces. Because of this clause, it is extremely difficult to fight the system.

Besides drug rehabilitation centers and the military, the next largest employer of these tests is the prison establishment. Prisoners, parolees and probationers are routinely tested for illicit drugs. With over one million persons in this situation, the number of tests being conducted is high. Of course, prisoners and military personnel are tested not for the purpose of improving work productivity, but because of the illegality issue.

Pot and Productivity

On the other hand, private industry for the most part is testing their employees because they are concerned with the issue of improving work productivity and safety. However, these urine screen tests *do not measure intoxication*, they only measure whether or not a person has used a particular substance. All scientists and drug manufacturers are in agreement on this important point. So, why are these tests being conducted? For the simple reason that employers figure if they do not hire a person who uses illicit drugs even when off-duty and they do not affect his/her work, they will have a lesser degree of lost productivity and safety problems. However, this assumption is false. With respect to marijuana, the drug most often being tested, no research studies have shown that use outside of the work environment affects on-site work performance (i.e., a person who smokes marijuana on Saturday night with his friends is going to perform his work fine on Monday morning, just like a person who has a couple of drinks on Saturday night).

A survey of the top 35 Fortune 500 companies and companies that consult on employee productivity revealed that the two predominant problems affecting industry today are family or marital

Companies that use urine tests pit labor against management and create a Big Brother type of atmosphere that has a detrimental effect on their employees' morale.

Lewis, Washington, a specialist fourth-class is seeing his six-year army career end after the EMIT test showed positive for marijuana use. He says he has never smoked marijuana. A coast guard petty officer in St. Louis is facing dismissal as the result of the same finding. He also says he has never smoked marijuana. A maintenance man with the Chicago Transit Authority for 11 years was fired in 1981 after a single positive EMIT result. A Greyhound bus driver in San

branches of the armed forces, the air force has tested over 400,000 service personnel since 1981. In 1983, seven percent of the samples resulted in positive use of drugs, and in 1984, four percent tested positive. The air force feels that illicit drug use—primarily marijuana, which is the predominant drug being found in all branches of the armed forces—is down as the result of these tests.

Depending on a person's rank and

problems and alcohol. In practically all of the firms surveyed, they had employee-assistance programs, commonly called EAPs. EAPs are confidential programs that help employees who have problems. Some of these programs are conducted in-house and have physicians, psychologists and social workers on staff, while other programs involve referring the individual to an outside source. Company insurance covers these programs, and companies are pleased with the results.

Companies That Test

A survey of the top 35 Fortune 500 companies also shows that 29 percent are doing pre-employment screening and 25 percent are testing some of their employees under certain conditions. The firms that conduct these tests as part of their preemployment screening include General Motors, the decision made on a plant-by-plant basis; Mobil (at one of their divisions); Ford; IBM; General Electric (decision varies from branch to branch, depending on sensitivity of work area, such as nuclear power or defense); Atlantic Richfield, beginning next month (but will not test for marijuana); Tenneco (for offshore-drilling employees only where safety is concerned); Standard Oil; Unocal; and Philip Morris. These firms—with the exception of GM and Ford, which would not comment concerning employee-testing, and the addition of Exxon, ATT and Boeing—test their employees only when they are either suspicious of use, the person is currently undergoing drug treatment, or an accident occurs. Some require authorization from the employee prior to administering the test.

Other firms that administer drug-screening tests include Aluminum Co. of America; Alcoa; American Airlines; New York Times; Eastern Airlines; Miami Herald; Storer Communications; Florida Power & Light; Union Tribune; Philadelphia Electric; Philadelphia Post-System; ground transportation lines such as Greyhound Buslines, Washington Metro, Atlantic Transit, Chicago Transit, New York Metropolitan Transit Authority, and Massachusetts Bay Transit; the City of Detroit (for such employees as ambulance drivers, bus drivers, garbage-truck drivers and firefighters); Washington, D.C. (police recruits and firefighters); nuclear power plants such as Pepco and Vevco; high-tech firms in Silicon Valley, California; and recently, the commissioner of baseball stated that all baseball personnel—excluding major-league players—will

be tested for drugs. These are just a few of the companies that conduct drug-screening tests. In order to ascertain the number of companies that conduct these tests, an in-depth, random sampling of all of the companies in the United States would have to be undertaken. It is interesting to note that, as some companies are beginning to institute drug-screening tests, others are discontinuing these tests. For example, ITT, which tested their employees at one time, discontinued the program because it was not cost-effective, and they found hardly any positive results.

Types of Tests

What are the various drug-screening tests available on the market, and exactly what do these tests measure? Most people are familiar with the urine test for drugs. This involves giving the technician or person receiving the test your urine specimen. There are two manufacturers which market drug-urine tests. They are Syva, which produces the widely used test called EMIT, and Roche Diagnostic Systems, a division of Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., who market Abuscreen RIA. Roche also is the producer of Valium, the most widely used tranquilizer in America.

The Syva corporation produces two types of immunoassay tests: the EMIT d.a.u., which is designed for use on EMIT lab systems for measuring the concentration of drugs or drug metabolites, and the EMIT s.t., which is a compact, self-contained instrument that lets you quickly screen individual urine samples by giving a positive/negative answer in 90 seconds. The drugs that can be tested include: amphetamines, barbiturates, benzodiazepines, cannabinoids (which are by-products of marijuana), cocaine metabolite, methadone, methaqualone, morphine and phencyclidine.

In terms of measuring marijuana metabolites, the RIA test is more sensitive, although recently Syva lowered their cut-off point for the presence of marijuana metabolites to 100 ng/ml, the same as Roche, because they were getting too many false positives. Both companies claim 97 percent accuracy. Because the Abuscreen is a radioimmunoassay, it is composed of radioactive material which has to be handled extremely carefully. Both tests use animal serum to measure presence of drugs or drug metabolites.

Big Brother Mauls Morale

Because these tests measure metabolites of marijuana or THC, they do not measure intoxication. Thus,

companies that are concerned about a safe and productive work environment and use these tests as a means to reach these goals are wasting a lot of time and money conducting these tests and creating a situation that pits, for the most part, management against labor. In fact, this kind of situation creates a "Big Brother" type of atmosphere and has a detrimental effect on employees' morale.

Measuring Pot "Intoxication"

Marijuana metabolites can stay in a person's body for days or weeks, depending upon amount and frequency of use. The way that marijuana is absorbed into the system works this way: After marijuana has been consumed, the THC (the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana) is converted into metabolites. The major portion of these metabolites is excreted rapidly, within two or three days, with the remainder being distributed throughout the body, where it is stored in various fatty tissues. Then, slowly, over a period of seven days or more, the remainder is excreted.

The marijuana "high" only lasts for about two hours, and the storage of THC metabolites does not exert any psychoactive effects. Therefore, if a person smoked it 24 hours prior to work, it would not affect that person's other work performance. Because of all the controversy concerning the use of urine tests to measure by-products of marijuana that do not measure intoxication, two firms have developed tests that they claim "can measure marijuana intoxication." These firms are Metpath, a division of Corning Glass Works, which markets the use of a radioimmunoassay technique on saliva, and Pharmometrics, which just began to market a brain-scan test for drugs.

The way the saliva tests work is that a piece of paraffin is placed in a person's mouth, and the person chews this paraffin to stimulate salivation, then spits the saliva into a container. The container is then sent to a lab that can test for delta-9 THC, the psychoactive ingredient in marijuana and other drugs, such as amphetamine, barbiturates, cocaine, methaqualone, morphine and phencyclidine.

The manufacturer of the brain-scan test, called ADMIT (Alcohol Drug Motorsensory Impairment Test) claims that it can measure drug and alcohol impairment by electronically reading a person's brain waves. The results are complete in one minute and can detect alcohol, hallucinogens, tranquilizers, barbi-

/continued on page 73



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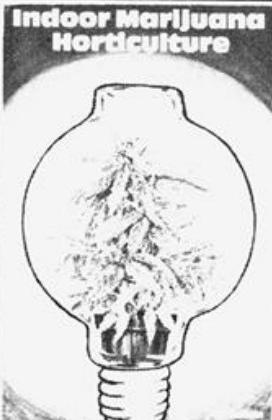
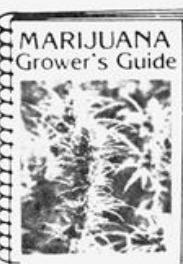
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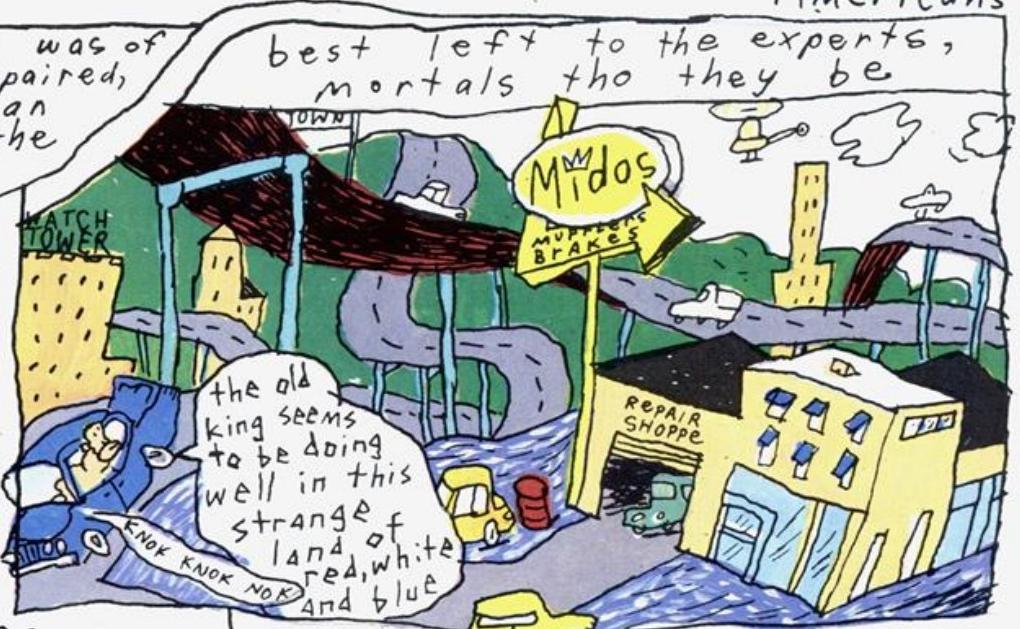
Adventures of Hercules amongst the North Americans

© Mark Marek, 29

In days of yore a chariot was of simple design easily repaired, but these modern American contraptions can boggle the minds of even the omnipotent.



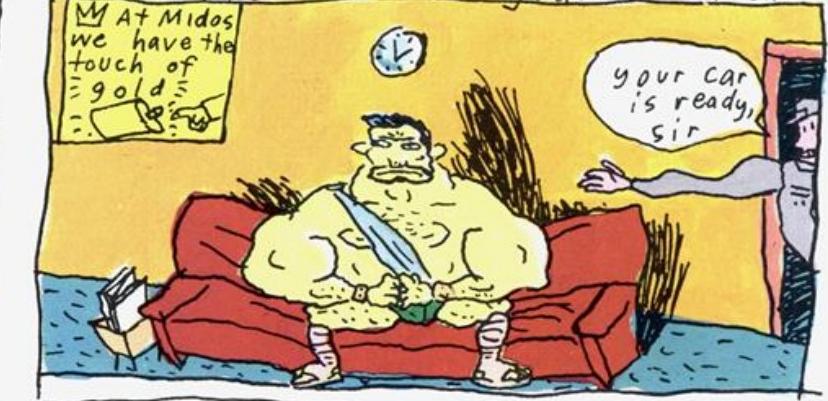
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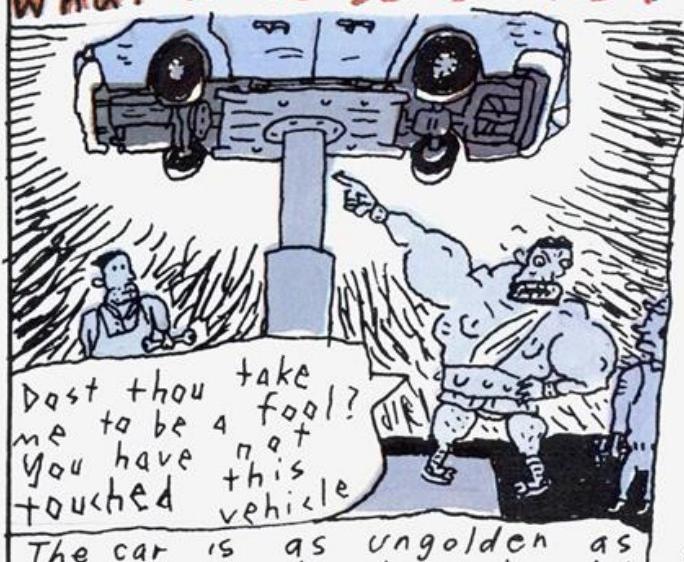
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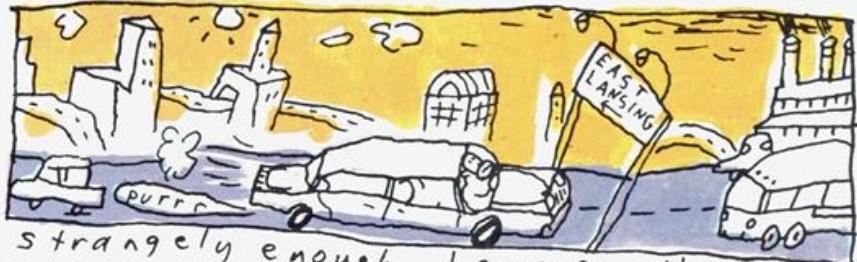
Hercules waits in guarded silence



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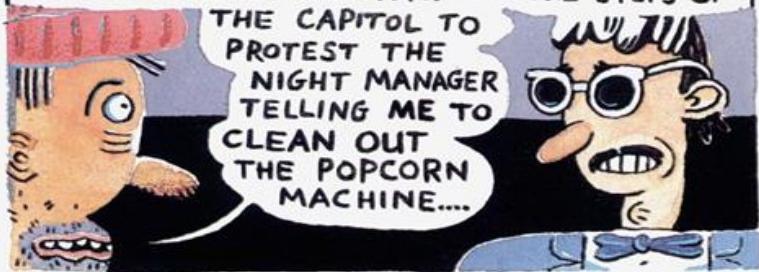
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SOB

SOB

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OK

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SAKE... NOT
ANOTHER ROACH
IN HEAVEN!!!

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PETER!!

HELLO
ROACH

Santiago

ANDY MAGER AND THE NEW DRAFT DANGERS

As our warmongering president anxiously picks his next target, welcome to Vietnam '85. by THOMAS J. HO



Photo by Paul Pearce

Congress enacted the Military Service Registration Act in 1980—partly as a reaction to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—following an absence of the draft registration for almost eight years. The 1980 draft registration law requires that every U.S. male citizen and resident alien between the ages of 18 and 26 must register for the draft. In the same year, President Carter initiated the American boycott of the Moscow-held Olympics, a grain embargo of wheat to the Soviet Union, and a curb of Russian fishing rights off American shores. Currently, every reactive measure the Carter administration deployed against the “Soviet threat” has been rescinded; all except the Military Selective Service Registration Act of 1980. The draft registration law additionally reinforces itself in stating that “...any person...who evades or refuses registration or service in the armed forces...or who knowingly counsels, aids, or abets another to refuse or evade registration or service in the armed forces...shall be punished for not more than five years or a fine of not more than \$10,000, or both.”

One man who chose to follow the course of conscience and refuse to register was Andy Mager.



On graduation day for the Oyster Bay High School Class of '79, Student Council president Andy Mager was already firm in the knowledge of his life's role. In his valedictory address he said: "During our childhoods, many decisions were made which will force us to act to solve certain problems... Our generation is charged with the restoration and preservation of the Earth. For anything else at which we work will be a waste of time if we destroy our world at the same time."

Thus, in January, 1981, Mager publicly stated his moral opposition to the draft and his personal refusal to register. Support for Mager's cause came first from his immediate family—his parents, Sandra and Arthur, and his younger sister Amy, a Brandeis University student. The Mager family engaged in a confrontation with a federal law which demanded that a member of their family violate his conscience. The Magers actively organized a public relations campaign on Andy's behalf. While most media coverage was sympathetic, such coverage was subjected to public outrage and severe criticism that suggested that Mager was undeserving of any media coverage at all.

Mager's prosecution took place in the city of Syracuse, New York. Almost 400 miles away in Mager's hometown of Oyster Bay, New York, a pastoral Long Island suburb of New York City, community residents were jolted by the controversy of Mager's "cause célèbre," and began taking positions on Mager's refusal to register for the draft. Oyster Bay is the town where Mager played soccer with his

schoolmates, in the field adjacent to his house, while the Grateful Dead blared across the ballfield from the Magers' living room.

As a teenager, Mager was "conscious" of many things within his community, and he substantiated his concern by participating in various activities of community service. He was largely responsible for the organization and administration of an Oyster Bay youth center called the Adhoc Pavilion. Many Oyster Bay residents felt Mager was responsible for significantly improving the town's quality of life for young people and adults alike.

Like most of his high school friends, Mager liked basketball, soccer, the Dead and the beaches of Long Island. He was well liked, even admired, by his peers. Peter Halesworth, one of Mager's closest friends during high school, and a year younger than Mager, expressed the sentiment, "I love Andy very much, and it hurts that he might go to prison for something he believes in so strongly."

Supportive of Mager since his decision to publicize his refusal to register for the draft, Halesworth published a letter of support in *Newsday*, a Long Island tabloid, after Mager's federal indictment in August, 1984. Halesworth wrote, "The U.S. government demands that Mager forfeit [his] individual liberty in favor of their draft-registration policy. He has refused. His nonviolent resistance to this controversial policy and its enforcement is a valid expression of dissent within the American democratic system." Although Halesworth had been geographically distant from Mager for the previous five years, he maintained a strong sense of loyalty and respect for his friend.

The *Oyster Bay Guardian*, one of two local newspapers, tried to offer a "balance" between its coverage of the Mager case and the community sentiment opposed to Mager's politics. Mitchell Dranow, a former high-school classmate of Mager's, was published in a letter to the editor in the *Guardian* after Mager's

Photo © H. John Maher, Jr./Maher Media Photo



This issue is confounding and abrasive in a time when most Americans appear satisfied to cheer on Reagan's macho militaristic posturing, mindless jingoism and "Star Wars" ultra-defense plan to counter the Soviets.

trial saying, "While [Mager] may believe his cause to be a noble one, and his incarceration but a token of the price he must bear if we are to realize the goal of a nuclear-free world, Mr. Mager is grossly mistaken if he believes that his behavior is a means to that end."

Another letter to the editor appeared in the *Oyster Bay Guardian* in which a resident of a neighboring community expressed, "It would seem a lot fairer if you gave some coverage to our brave young men who courageously signed

up so as to keep our beautiful, free country supplied with the backbone she needs in times of trouble. They are making a sacrifice for the privilege of being Americans."

In an issue such as this, it is clear that it was not merely the small suburban community of Oyster Bay which chose not to be exposed to Mager's brand of political ac-

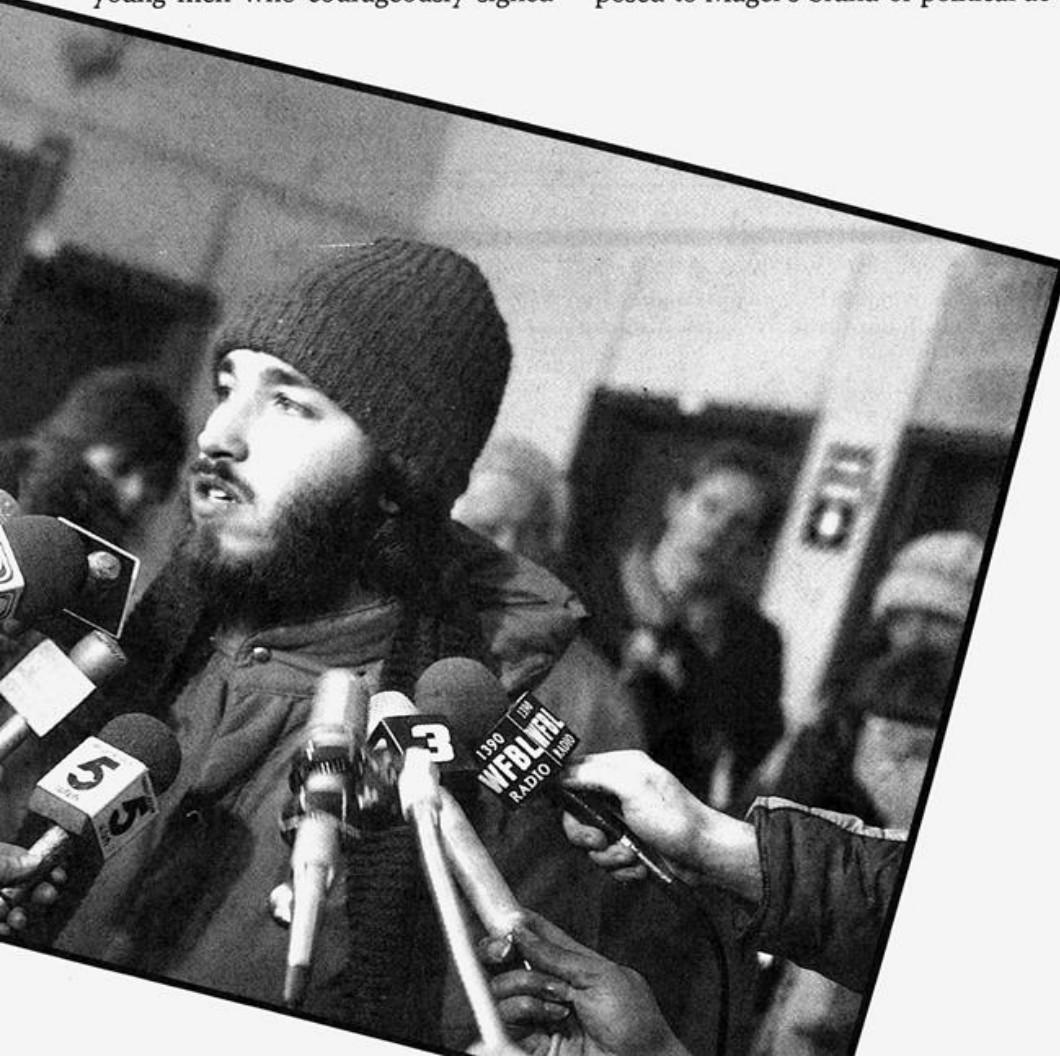
tivity, but the "moral" majority of Americans. Such an issue is confounding and abrasive in a time when most appear satisfied to cheer on President Reagan's mindless jingoism, macho militaristic posturing and "Star Wars" ultra-defense plan.

Generally, the adverse public opinion directed at Mager and the press considered Mager's draft-registration resistance "un-American," bordering on treason. In time of war, public opinion and the government would have it that Mager be prosecuted for sedition as a traitor.

It's not easy to find treachery in Mager. His demeanor is absent of anything so vile as to be construed as "un-American." With his dark shoulder-length hair, and his full black beard and soft dark eyes, he possesses the calm of a still pond, "*l'enfant innocent*." Since the method employed by Mager to draw attention to the issues necessarily brings attention to himself, he shies away from the photographer's camera, and it is difficult for any photographer to capture a full-faced shot of Mager.

Still, the jury that tried Mager's case failed to perceive the draft resister as an innocent. On January 10th, 1985, with U.S. District Judge Howard Munson presiding and Joseph Pavone acting as U.S. prosecuting attorney, a Syracuse federal grand jury of six men and women, after 55 minutes of deliberation, found the defendant, Andy Mager, guilty for failing to register for the draft.

Though he was undoubtedly disappointed with the jury's verdict, it was the larger issue that concerned Mager. He always emphasized the need for people to focus their attention not on him but on the issues of draft registration, militarism and U.S. support for



WANTED



for Refusing to Kill

On July 1, 1982 Andy Mager wrote to Selective Service informing them that he wouldn't register for the draft. In August of this year Andy was formally charged with refusing to register. He pled, "that the next generation of young men grow up without the threat of being sent off to war." As tensions build in Central America, and as our nuclear stockpiles grow larger, the voices of peace need to grow stronger. Andy Mager and other warriors against war need your support. Please join us for the activities around Andy's trial.

Upstate Resistance
P.O. Box 6628
Syracuse, NY 13217
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repressive foreign governments. Recognizing the priority of placing the issues in the forefront, Mager also understood that his actions placed him in the eye of a public storm where he would be either reviled or embraced, sinner or saint.

Andy Mager is not the only young man who finds himself in the eye of this storm. On July 1, 1982, Ben Sasway of San Diego, California, was indicted by the government for refusing to register for the draft. Sasway was the first of 17 to date to be prosecuted for failing to register for the draft; all 17 had resisted publicly. In response to the federal indictment of fellow resister Ben Sasway, Mager dispatched his first letter to the Director of Selective Service in Washington, D.C. In his letter, Mager expressed his position in refusing to register for the draft and stated that, "Draft resistance alone will not make the changes necessary to ensure the

survival of the planet. It is, however, one way that we can begin to regain control over our own lives. As long as we feel powerless to make changes, the world will continue toward nuclear holocaust."

On March 19, 1985, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a California court conviction in the case of David Alan Wayte's refusal to register for the draft. Wayte, a 24-year-old former Yale philosophy student from Pasadena, California, challenged the federal government's "selective prosecution" as a response to his public resistance to draft registration. The Supreme Court ruled in a seven-to-two decision that the government's prosecution of Wayte did not violate "free speech" or "equal-protection rights."

Curiously, the Justice Department admits that it has abandoned its policy of prosecuting only "known" nonregistrants and will now seek out all eligible young men who have failed to register for the draft. In Washington, American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Barry Lynn

said that, "The Justice Department still has not prosecuted anyone who is a silent objector." The Supreme Court ruling clears the way for the prosecution of 12 other violators, and, following the ruling, Ben Sasway of San Diego was sentenced to two-and-a-half years in federal prison.

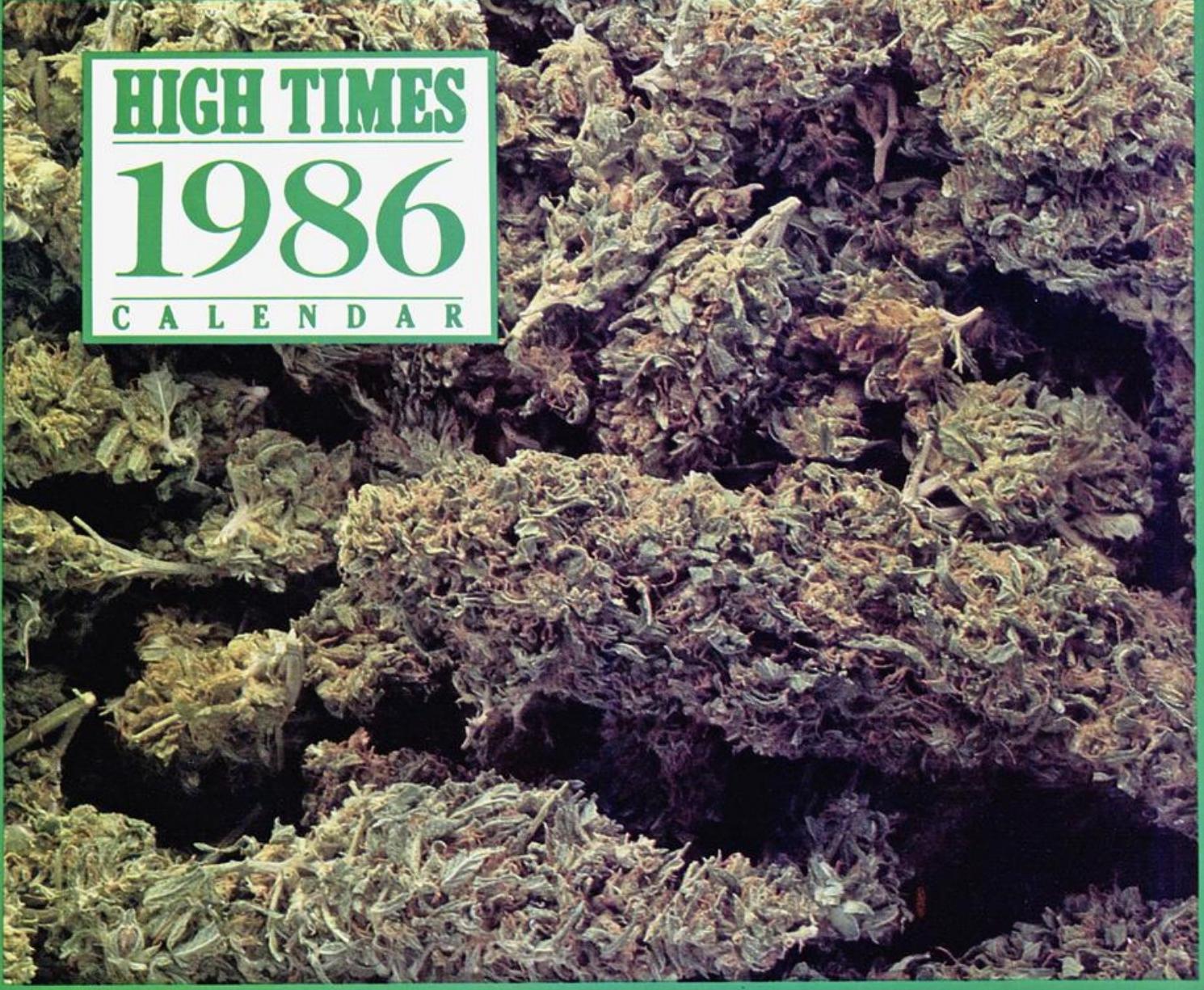
According to the Selective Service Administration, over 500,000 young men have not registered for the draft. This figure, combined with incomplete or invalid registrations, has been estimated to be as high as 5.5 million by the Government Accounting Office (GAO).

The Military Selective Service Registration Act of 1980 is a law inherently difficult to enforce. With enforcement at issue, and the government's realization that millions of men throughout the country had not registered for the draft, in 1982 Congress / continued on page 74

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Staying on the Cutting Edge

by Ed Rosenthal

GROW AMERICAN

VEN EXPERIENCED GARDENERS should review their practices against current standards. Too often, a cultivator who has had successful experiences using one method is afraid to try more advanced techniques. If your garden is not up to date, it is not as efficient as it could be and you are losing valuable crops.

The cheapest form of light is sunlight. It is very powerful and can be used indoors in greenhouses, under sunroofs or near windows. Of course, the area should be unobservable from sight at eye level or from the sky. Even small windows can serve to supplement electric lighting. During the summer, a room with a transparent plastic roof needs no electric lighting as a supplement. During the winter, crops can be grown using electric light to supplement the sun's diminished rays.

Plants grown under metal halides usually have much better bud de-



● Ingenious unit moves two lamps back and forth every couple of minutes.

velopment than those grown using fluorescents. Metal halides deliver more usable light per watt than fluorescents. The light is more concentrated, and the lamps and fixtures

are easier to manipulate. Growers usually use a 1000-watt metal halide, but closet farmers may wish to use a 250- or 400-watt unit. Some farmers use the fluorescents as supplemental side lighting, but most feel it is not worth the inconvenience.

SOME OF THE FLUORESCENT fixtures could be used for a starting section. Seedlings and very young plants do not need as much light as older plants, and the fluorescents' light can penetrate below the top areas of small plants. During the first two to three weeks, the plants grow almost as vigorously as if they were under metal halides. This shortens the turnaround time in the main garden by two to three weeks. On a 90-day crop this would allow an additional harvest each year.

No light should leave the garden area. Reflectors should reflect all the light to the plants rather than

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● A negative-ion generator. This unit has a collection pad so that surfaces do not become covered with grimy precipitate.

Even the most successful grower should keep abreast of the latest techniques

Maui

/ continued from page 45

holes. I proceeded by holding my breath and leaning as far away from the bag as possible. Presently, my olfactory senses dulled, and it didn't seem as bad. The rank shit was to remain on my hands and under my fingernails for some time, however, until I could get back to the stream.

I was somewhat surprised at the lack of sounds so deep in the jungle. There were no birds or insects, which struck me as rather odd. There were wild pigs in the area. On two occasions, Allan loosened his knife sheath and I checked to see where the machete was laying as we could hear the grunting sounds of a boar as he moved closer and closer to our location. The undergrowth was so dense that we would never be able to spot a pig unless he, or she, walked into our cleared area, but it did give us a few anxious moments. Wild pigs can grow to over 500 pounds in this paradisiacal setting.

The holes were dug and the fertilizer in place. Allan handed me his trusty K-bar knife and instructed me in the procedure of chopping the fertilizer into the soil. After I had done this, I was to dig out a hole some four inches deep so that he could come along behind me and place one of the ladies into her new home.

So I crawled around in the mud and muck, going from hole to hole, mixing the soil and absolutely wrecking my knuckles in the process. I had failed to bring along gloves, and there was an abundance of rocks on this ridge.

Suddenly, there came a loud, rushing sound from almost directly above us. Chopper! We all dove for cover under the tall ferns. The damn machine was low enough for us to see the sun reflect off the pilot's glasses. We breathed a sigh of relief when we saw that it was a tourist helicopter and not one of the Green Harvest Corps (the local pot patrol). But a tourist helicopter can be just as dangerous to growers, because some pilots will report any patches they spot to the authorities. The copter kept going, but it made us all painfully aware of just how vulnerable the patches were from above.

The rain continued, but at this point everyone was as wet as they could possibly get, so we went ahead with our work. We put in just under

50 plants in the grove, then moved over to the smaller area that we had cleared initially and put in 13 more. Most of the latter group were the wounded ones. The growers figured the hurt ones would have a better chance in this section, as there were natural windbreakers all around it.

We were finished. These plants would reach a height of eight to nine feet and have buds the size of a baby's fist. The growers were literally beaming with satisfaction. They took a moment to discuss just how they were going to spend all the money they were going to make. Allan decided he should be rewarded with a Cadillac for his efforts...no, make that two Caddies. Jimmy was content to pay some bills and get an economical new Ford.



Growing dope on Maui is a demanding, physical job.

The two cultivated areas looked absolutely magnificent in the heart of the jungle. The plants seemed pleased with their new environment and we wished them health and happiness as we departed.

The trek out was—by comparison to going in—a joy. My pack was much lighter, the trail was somewhat familiar, and I was getting the rhythm of walking on slick rocks. Plus, I did not have the nagging fear of falling and destroying valuable cargo. And the day's work was all but finished.

On the walk up the river and stream, I took the opportunity to view the splendor of the surroundings. Unbelievable. Huge ferns and dark-leaved rhododendrons nestled in a dense profusion of shrubs and bushes. The air was that acrid smell of luxuriant green growth and of that other kind of life in the deep jungle, which is decay. Rock cliffs hung lazily over the river, and they, too, possessed a vivid green coloration, compliments of the moss and tiny ferns that call them home.

We made our way back to the jeep where we were greeted with a bright, toasty sun. We immediately discarded our soaked clothing and put on dry pants and T-shirts. Never had clean, dry clothes felt so sweet. My toes were wrinkled from being wet for the past six hours. The warmth of the sun felt most comforting. We had some time to kill before our departure, so we ate what was left of our food supply. The chicken sandwich hit the spot. Since the day's labor was over, Allan passed around muscle relaxants. Kick-back time.

The two growers discussed what time they should consider leaving. They agreed that it was not a sound idea to be on the roads at this hour of the day. They concluded that it might be more comfortable to drive down the trail for a few miles to a scenic pool and waterfall, generally frequented by local pig hunters. We could take a refreshing swim and hang out till the sun went down.

Bandits!

Allan suggested that we send a scout on ahead, just in case someone was using the pool. For some reason, this logical idea slipped by Jimmy, who was behind the wheel. As the waterfall came into our view, we saw that we had made a serious mistake. There was a blue Dodge pick-up parked next to the water with three locals standing next to the truck. They spotted us.

Uh-oh! Jimmy reacted immediately and pushed the pedal to the floorboard. But his lapse in paying attention brought about exactly what every grower fears the most—being spotted. The Dodge Ram Charger was on our ass in minutes. I was in the back, along with all our wet clothes and the packs, and found myself being bounced around like a ping-pong ball, as Jimmy did his utmost to put some space between us and the pursuing vehicle.

Inside our jeep, anxiety was thick enough to slice with a knife. Jimmy reverted to an excellent imitation of Don Knotts on the *Andy Griffith Show*—instant Barney Fife. Allan got busy thinking up a number of palatable excuses in case this was the law. He ran through six or seven in quick order, all shaky at best. I was wondering how I was going to explain that I was just along for the story. With hair down past my / continued on next page

/ continued from previous page

shoulders. Sure.

But mostly I was worried about surviving the ride. Normally, Jimmy crawls up this strip of rutted trail, but now he was roaring full throttle, blasting over eroded deep ditches as if he were on an Interstate. He was full into his Barney Fife character now. As the pickup closed to within feet of our rear bumper, everyone got jittery as hell.

Our initial fear was that it was the heat. But we could not spot any markings on the truck, and since they had made no attempt to pull us over as yet, we concluded that they must be bandits—poachers who prey on growers, hoping to catch them on backroads just such as these. If they chance upon a grower undermanned, they will simply run him off the road and take his load.

We had two things in our favor. One, we were clean, and secondly, there were three of us. There were also three of them, but bandits do not like those odds. Allan and I are both big guys and we figured that Jimmy could at least take up the third person's attention if it got down and dirty. But there was always the matter of guns. We all had our knives, but no other weaponry. If they had even so much as a handgun, then they had the edge and could control the situation easily.

Jimmy set a course record in coming out of the bumpy trail, and I felt like I was on one of those cheap carnival rides. But no matter how hard he pushed the jeep, he couldn't shake the bigger and more powerful Ram Charger. The growers knew that they would soon be coming to a locked gate. The gate allows them to short-cut through an old, abandoned prison farm.

The Showdown

The idea of being trapped didn't sit well with any of us, so we decided to pull over and let our pursuers make their move out in the open. At least this afforded us the option of going back in the same direction from which we had just come. We pulled over into the brush. They weren't expecting this tactic, since we had been thus far fleeing like frightened deer.

They slowly pulled up beside us. The driver and Allan exchanged "stink eye" looks in lieu of alohas. They checked out the back of our

jeep and could easily see that we only carried backpacks and no weed. And the sight of Allan's Hormel-Ham-of-an-arm hanging out of the jeep window certainly was a deterring factor. At least for the moment. They zoomed on ahead, leaving us in a wake of brown dust and flying rocks.

We stopped, giving them ample time to go through the gate. Allan fished a roach out of the ashtray, we finished it off, then we followed. Jimmy was still in his Barney Fife mode as we pulled up to the locked gate. He thought he spotted yet another car in the distance and rammed the gate. Just a bump, but enough to give Allan and I cause to settle him down a bit.

We all fully realized that we were not out of this predicament just yet. We could see the blue truck up ahead, going much slower than was necessary. It was obvious that they had not completely given up on the idea of taking us. Most likely, they were seeking the right spot to set up a surprise situation.

Trails of Terror

As they passed out of view around a turn just ahead of us, Jimmy turned the jeep quickly to his left, down into a poor excuse for even a goat trail. This was Jimmy's backyard and he knew an alternate route, one that the truck would never discover—at least not in time to catch us.

More nightmarish, deep, gutted trails down through thick forests of pine and eucalyptus. Our very lives were dependent on the reliability of the jeep's brakes and the driving skill of Jimmy the Grower. He more or less hurled the jeep down off the mountain, pushed on by the fear of being discovered or hassled by bandits. Jimmy had calmed down a degree or two since butting the gate, and after about ten minutes of bounding and careening through the forests, he slowed down to a normal speed for such terrain. Ten minutes later, we were back at the shack where we had started our journey, which at that point seemed like it had been a week ago.

I said goodbye to Jimmy, thanked him for the experience, and jumped into Allan's truck. When Allan struck solid asphalt, I was so relieved to be on a smooth road that I wanted to stop and walk on it for a bit. Just to touch its level surface. I had never appreciated smoothness so much

before in my life.

Allan dropped me off at a friend's house and wished me luck with my article. I was bone-tired. I had put in a 14-hour day. My legs were beginning to cramp, my back ached, and my hands were swollen and chipped. As I chugged down two frosty Millers and stepped into a warm shower, I decided that I'd stick to writing and leave dope-growing to more hearty and adventuresome souls.

Maui Mountain Memories

The journey into the mountain jungle brought home a couple of points, the first being that growing dope on Maui is an extremely hard, demanding, physical job. Whatever these guys finally realize off this crop is well-earned. It is no cheap gift by anyone's yardstick. Allan and Jimmy informed me that if all went according to plan, today's venture would be worth approximately \$600 to each of them. That's not bad money in today's economy, but it's hard-earned bucks.

They will be making this same trip into the patches each week until harvest time, some three months later. Then there is more work—cutting the plants, hauling them out, drying, clipping, pruning, packaging, marketing and shipping—before they realize one penny of profit. To date, their investment in the patches, not counting their time, amounts to two grand. This is free enterprise in its purest form.

The second main point is just how much risk is involved in growing weed. These growers are really farmers, outlaw farmers, but farmers nonetheless. They are therefore extremely dependent on Mother Nature for a successful crop. Add to that the built-in liability of growing illegal plants. If their patches are discovered, it's all over. If they are caught by the cops, there is not only the total loss of revenue but also the legal situation to face. And besides the threat of the law, there are the bandits and thieves who prey on the grower as he tries to get his crop out of the mountains.

In short, growing smoke on this level is an extremely tough, risky way to make a living. In all likelihood, the growers could make just as much money, hourly-rate-wise, by putting their talents into lettuce. But then, they wouldn't have the noble Maui buds for their own pleasure and to share with their friends. And perhaps that is really the bottom line for growing marijuana, Maui-style. □

Urinalysis

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turates, opiates, marijuana, cocaine and amphetamines. The test is conducted externally by placing a headband on the subject's forehead and hooking it up to a computer. With this test, there is no chain-of-custody problem like the tests that have to be sent to a lab. However, toxicologists and chemists throughout the country have told me that they have grave reservations about this test. It reminds them of the abuses with the polygraph test. Since ADMIT measures brain waves, they wonder what a normal brain wave looks like. Whether or not the brain-scan test will be used by industry is a good question.

All of these manufacturers, with the possible exception of Pharmometrics, insist that if their tests produce a positive result, they should be confirmed by the

it is relatively easy to spike his sample; he could add a small amount of a particular drug to the subject's coffee before the subject takes his urine or saliva test or simply add a chemical to the sample itself." In addition, this type of environment can create corruption, with people buying off technicians and buying urine samples, if they are not watched when they give their urine.

Beating Big Brother

We need a better alternative to the problems of loss of productivity and job safety. One solution which is in practice in 95 percent of the firms that I consulted is the Employee Assistance Program or EAP. Unfortunately, many of the firms that have EAPs also have drug screening programs for pre-employment purposes. At each firm where I asked the question, "How well do you think the Employee Assistance Program works?", they all responded in a positive fashion.

"If a person wants to get someone fired," says one toxicologist, "it is relatively easy to spike his sample." In addition, this situation can create corruption, with people buying off technicians if they are not watched.

use of gas chromatography/mass spectrometry. Although a positive response from these tests adds weight to the positive immunoassays, there is no agreement among forensic toxicologists that these methods are to be considered adequate enough for complete confirmation.

Sabotaging Samples

Another important point to make is that it is very easy to sabotage a urine sample. Because samples are handed to technicians or other personnel, these middlemen can easily insert something into the sample or switch samples. Then en route to the lab, the samples can again be mishandled or mislabeled. As one toxicologist told me, "If a person wants to get someone fired,

There is no easy solution to this problem, especially when ex-law-enforcement officials are acting as consultants to these firms, and aggressive salespeople are trying to sell their drug-screening tests. But this is America, a country founded on democracy and individual freedom. It appears that we as Americans are losing this freedom and are now faced with Big Brother watching over us.

With 35 million Americans consuming marijuana each year—the majority being moderate, responsible adult users—and marijuana being the second largest cash crop in America (worth an estimated \$16.6 billion), it is time that we stop the hypocrisy in our drug laws and move forward to help those people who really have problems. □

BIG BROTHER BUSINESSES

These are some of the major corporations that force their employees (usually excluding management, of course) to undergo urine testing before and/or after being hired. An estimated 125 of the Fortune 500 companies now require employee urinalysis. If you want to help stop this blatant Big Brotherism, we strongly urge you to BOYCOTT all of these companies.—Ed.

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Sunkist

Mager

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passed the Solomon Amendment. The Solomon Amendment provides that all colleges and universities require the draft registration of all male students or they are to be refused access to all federally available financial aid and programs.

As a counter to the Solomon Amendment, several private universities and colleges established an alternative for financial aid to students who choose not to register for the draft; e.g., Swarthmore College and Brown University. In the '80s, economic coercion is a means that has proven largely effective in draft registration among students; among the poor and underprivileged, it has not been so successful. But a student is certain to jeopardize his education and his economic future in noncompliance with the law. Furthermore, the risk for a student nonregistrant is that he will be permanently alienated from participating in mainstream society.

While President Reagan has consistently opposed peacetime conscription, there has been growing sentiment from the military sector for a revival of the draft. There are now a total of 2,152,000 troops in all four branches of the military—Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. For fiscal year 1986, which begins this October 1, the services have requested of Congress an additional 27,000 troops. Interest in reviving the draft has been further supported by statistics gathered by the Census Bureau, which reports that the number of men and women from 18-to-21-years-old, which was 17 million in 1981, will drop to 15.4 million this year, descend to 14.2 million by 1991, then to 13 million by 1995. As the projection for this population group declines, the military is given cause for

concern—they will be unable to either maintain or bolster their ranks without draft legislation. This past spring, in arguing for conscription, Lawrence J. Korb, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower, told Congress: "It is clear that we have entered a different and more demanding recruiting climate. We anticipate that recruiting will continue to become increasingly difficult." And Gen. Bernard W. Rogers, commander of American forces in Europe, also urged the President and Congress to renew the draft.

As much as war and violence have been an American tradition, so has the desire for peace and those willing to struggle for it. Regional organizations like Upstate

Resistance, the Syracuse Peace Council, and the local chapter of the American Friends Service Committee were particularly supportive of Mager's cause. And nationally, there are active peace organizations such as the War Resisters League, Mobilization for Survival and SANE.

An effective draft-registration program assures the government that a ready pool of eligible young men is held on file in the event it chooses to revive a military draft. By publicly refusing to register, Andy Mager and his fellow resisters not only offend the law and

An effective draft-registration program assures the government that a ready pool of eligible young men is held on file. By refusing to register, Mager and his fellow resisters directly threaten the Selective Service System.

mock the judicial system, but their actions directly threaten the Selective Service System and its need for registration compliance and the orderly conduct of a possible draft. After having been served with a federal indictment for nonregistration, Mager continued his activism, which resulted in his arrest in September of '84 for disorderly conduct related to a protest demonstration against cruise missiles at the Griffiss Air

Force Base in Rome, N.Y. He was given a 40-day sentence, 35 of which he served in prison.

Andy Mager subscribes to the philosophy of nonviolent civil disobedience. In Syracuse, Mager engaged the most active support from the draft-resistance group called Upstate Resistance. On February 4, 1985, the day of Mager's final sentencing, members of Upstate Resistance filled the Federal Court House, and Mager, with a collection of 2,500 signatures of committed supporters, approached the bench and submit-

ted the names to Judge Howard Munson. Mager read the following Trial Solidarity Statement to the court:

"The case of the United States against Andy Mager is also the case of the United States against each of us, and against many others who are not here today. We are Andy's friends, family, and neighbors. His indictment is also an indictment of our work, of our beliefs, and of our feelings against registration, the draft, militarism, and war. We are here with Andy to answer your charges against us. For us to be here and to make this statement is for us to support, aid and abet Andy. As unindicted codefendants, we ask that if you convict Andy Mager, you convict all of us; that you imprison all of us or none of us."

No action was taken by the court against Mager's "codefendants." In fact, nationally, no one has yet been prosecuted, in enforcement of the law, for the felonious offense of "counseling, aiding, or abetting" anyone refusing to register for the draft since the reinstitution of the 1980 law. The 17th to be prosecuted by the government, Mager was the sixth to have been given a prison sentence, and only the fourth to be sent to jail. Mager was sentenced to a total of three years; he served six months in prison and is now out on two-and-a-half years probation. The other cases have either been withdrawn by the prosecution, dismissed by district or circuit courts, or are still pending on appeal.

On February 5, the day after Mager's sentencing, 18-year-old Brett Beeman, an Environmental Technology student at Cornell University, publicly announced to the press his refusal to register for the draft. He will lose \$4,000 in financial aid to support his studies, but he has said, "We all must put an end to war, or war will put an end to us all. Andy carried this message, I plan on continuing it." □



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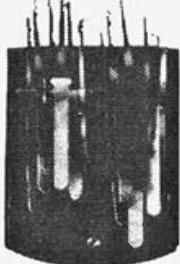
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Grow American

/ continued from page 70

the ceiling or walls above the plants' height. Highly reflective material should be used to direct light back to the garden, which is the only place it does any good. Plants' growth correlates directly to the amount of light they receive. When light leaves the garden, the plants cannot use it. Flat white paint, cardboard, the satin side of aluminum foil and styrofoam board are all convenient to use. Aluminized wrapping paper, sold by the roll on paper backing, is inexpensive and easy to install and remove. Astrolon is a plastic film with a highly reflective, aluminized surface.

DIRTY OR DUSTY LAMPS and reflectors can limit the amount of light reaching the garden. Make sure that the lamps, reflectors and wall surfaces are all clean so that no light is lost. This simple task could increase the light reaching the garden by 10 percent or more.

Light tracks and movers allow a lamp to be moved automatically over a given area. This means that the light is distributed more evenly over a period of time. The plants receive approximately the same amount of light, which encourages more even growth rates. Fewer lights are required to maintain the same growth as achieved with stationary lamps, or a higher growth rate for the overall garden will be achieved by maintaining all the lights and installing these units.

The units all have small motors which do not use much electricity.

PLANT METABOLISM is usually limited by the amount of carbon dioxide in the air. Plants can photosynthesize at a much faster rate when the amount of CO₂ is enriched to up to five times the amount normally found in the atmosphere. Growth rates can double or increase to an even faster rate. Yields are not necessarily increased, but the growth rate is, and thus the time it takes to grow the crop is shortened.

Indoor gardens often have even lower percentages of CO₂ than is found in the atmosphere, because once the plants use it up, it is not replaced until the area is exchanged for fresh air. CO₂ tanks and genera-

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tors can alleviate this problem. They cost very little to run, and increase the garden efficiency so much that indoor gardeners cannot afford not to have one.

GROWERS SOMETIMES have a problem with odor buildup. A negative-ion generator can eliminate odors in a grow-room. Most of the little odor-causing particles are positively-charged, that is, they are missing an electron. This gives them the energy to float in the air. Negative-ion generators produce negative ions, which combine with the molecules and neutralize the charge. The particles precipitate, and odors are eliminated. Electrostatic precipitators also work well.

MOST FERTILIZERS contain nitrogen (N), phosphorous (P) and potassium (K). The ratios are listed in that order (N-P-K) on the packages as a percentage of the mix. For instance, a 15-10-5 mix contains 15 percent N, ten percent P (actually P_{205}) and five percent K (actually K_2O). To find out the parts per million (ppm) of an element in one ounce of fertilizer dissolved in 10 gallons of water, multiply the formula by 750. In this case the ppm of the N would be $.15 \times 750 = 112.5$ ppm; of P, $.1 \times 750 = 75$; and K, $.05 \times 750 = 37.5$.

To find out how much fertilizer is required to make up a water solution with a certain amount of ppm, divide the desired ppm by the number reached in the first equation. Let's say we wanted the water to contain 150 ppm of N. $150 \div 112.5 = 1.33$ ounces of fertilizer.

MANY PEST PROBLEMS are carried into the greenhouse or indoor garden by the grower. The growing room should never be entered wearing clothing which has been in contact with outdoor vegetation. Don't work outdoors in the garden and then go to the indoor grow-room. In some commercial greenhouses, workers change clothing to a fresh uniform free of pests before entering the growing area. Make sure there are no insects or pests riding on your hair. Shoes often track in pests. This problem can be eliminated by placing a deep tray containing a heavy solution of salt water at the entrance to the greenhouse. The soles of all footware are gently dipped in the salt water, killing undesirable organisms. □



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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeece, NORML Chief Counsel

Little Things Mean a Lot

Good dope lawyers know that a small detail can make a BIG difference.

by Steve Teich

CASES THAT CAN BE WON BY UNCOVERING gross illegality, the blatant smear, or obvious perjury are all too rare.

It is up to the desperate attorney, seeking to unearth the obvious injustices being done to his politically, morally, and ethically righteous client to grind through the meager resources available to him in the statutes, cases and police reports to find a way to exonerate his client.

Scrutinizing the details can unearth winning points much like the photo magnified many times in the movie *Blow-Up*, which revealed a body holding a gun; or was there really a gun in that photo? Reasonable doubt? Often the diligent attorney can find out what's wrong with his case much like the puzzle game of "What's wrong with this picture?" by staring at the police report, lab report, the complaint, indictment, information, or even the statute under which his client is being prosecuted.

For instance, the prosecutor is as bound by a sloppily-worded indictment or information as is your client. Having failed to include that all-important "and other unindicted co-conspirators" in the conspiracy count, the U.S. Attorney is powerless to avoid a dismissal if one of the two main co-conspirators is acquitted by the judge or jury, regardless of the evidence against your client. A completely hopeless case can be turned into a winner with a third pass over that precision-crafted warrant concocted by the Chief Narcotics Sergeant bucking for Lieutenant. The third time the warrant is read, it suddenly becomes obvious to you that the narc never put on the front of the warrant what it was he was looking for, or didn't incorporate by reference all those pages of the warrant he never attached. Moreover, you notice that Police Officer Number 4 is a federal Drug Enforcement Agent, not a local cop, and you know that when you ask for discovery under state law about the federal agent involved, he will refuse to cooperate and refer you to Washington, D.C., giving you at least a delay and a chance for dismissal of the charges.

In a case that I am now preparing for trial, we had to show that my client, among six arrested at the house, was not the possessor of the seized contraband. The officer

claimed my client threw the drugs and money as the police broke into the house. Additional contraband was found outside downstairs. It was revealed by scrutinizing the always overlooked booking face sheet that my client was arrested in his pajamas, corroborating his story that he was sick in bed when someone else brought the drugs inside. It would seem unlikely that he could have control of the drugs found outside since he was in his pajamas at the same time of his arrest. Furthermore, the police report showed that while one officer seized the money, a different officer seized the dope in a different place—which my client was supposed to have thrown down at the same time. This would present the ludicrous picture of my client performing an acrobatic act in his bed in his pajamas, throwing the items in two different directions, and thus throwing doubt on the police officer's story.

One of the most rewarding cases I have handled was one of the first federal prosecutions arising under the CAMP Program. My client, a worthy member of a rural mountain community in the Emerald Triangle, was arrested for mailing about nine pounds of marijuana to his brother. A dog alerted police to the package in California and he was charged with the usual federal plethora of horrors: possession with intent to distribute marijuana; distribution of marijuana; conspiracy to distribute marijuana; use of an interstate communication facility to commit a felony; etc. The government had his handwriting on the package, his return address on the package, and he was identified by the employees at the post office where he had conducted his business for ten years.

Anxious to find a defense for this man who had set up a medical clinic, started a newspaper, and sat on or participated in every school, council, fire-department, or community-benefit program in the past decade, I scrutinized the details of the police report. The Oakland Postal Inspector in charge of the case, a Tennessean who hated the urban Postal Inspector's office, had in his report disparagingly referred to the seized contraband as so many pounds of "shake." Recalling that my client had said that the stuff was "garbage," I questioned my client closer. He told me that at that

time in Mendocino County this kind of marijuana could actually be seen lying along the roads in trash bags, and in fact he had seen it stuffed into the dumpster at the county dump. A few calls and affidavits confirmed this story that "shake" was as valuable in Humboldt as zucchini was at Shamrock Ranch. Still, this was no defense. A test of the shake showed its THC content was very low but still there; enough to strike terror into Assemblyman Don Sebastiani's heart.

Scrutinizing the federal codes, I saw that if a "small amount" of marijuana was distributed for no remuneration, it was considered not a felony but a misdemeanor, which changed the maximum penalty from ten years to one year, with none of the disabilities of felony conviction and possibly no jail at all. Since the package was mailed to my client's brother, and since we could make a showing the stuff was worthless, it was clear there was no personal gain here. The problem was what was legally considered a small amount. The federal parole guidelines considered ten pounds or less a small amount. We knew the THC content of the weed was so low that it wasn't worth smoking and the commercial value of the leaf was virtually nonexistent. Therefore, by at least three standards the amount was indeed small. We put together a photographic display comparing our pitiful weed with glorious-looking sinsemilla and prepared affidavits concerning the wide availability, lack of commercial value, and the low THC content of the shake. We then asked for a jury instruction which would have allowed the jury to decide whether this was a small amount distributed for no remuneration. Despite considerable political pressure not to deal reasonably on any prosecutions arising out of the nascent CAMP program, the U.S. Attorney chose not to try the issue, and we achieved our result.

The point is, it pays to pay attention to detail. By gleaning the statutes for beneficial wording and looking carefully at the police reports until you've nearly memorized them, by doing thorough discovery and following up all leads and discrepancies, seemingly hopeless cases can be approached, presented and sometimes won. □

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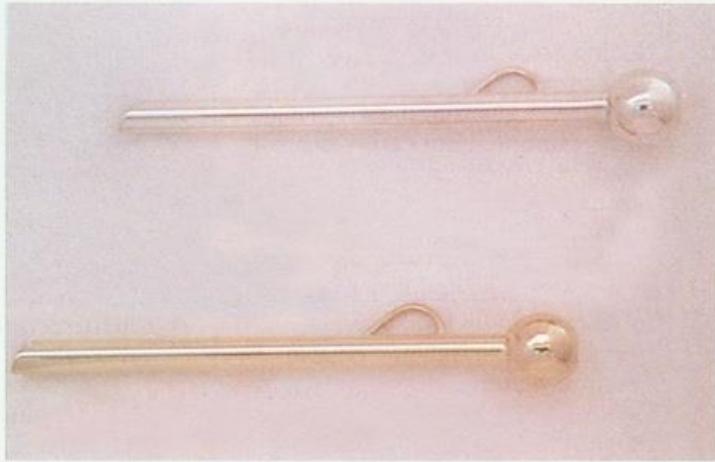
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The News About Noise

by John Leland

Some people are violent and criminal, others just make criminal noise.

—Lydia Lunch

AS LOUD AS ANYTHING you've ever heard—CRASH! SLAM! Violent, aggressive, without pitch or resonance—SMASH! SCREECH! Metal on metal, steel on steel. The sound of God's fingernails scraping against a blackboard, or a freight train derailing between your temples. A six-foot-wide sheet of metal hangs suspended over the stage—CRUNCH!

Deafening, mad-dening noise, exploding on and off the beat. A decrepit filing cabinet, oversized industrial metal springs, rusty, crumpled hubcaps—CLANG! SMACK! The two drummers race around the stage, armed with metal pipes and sticks, smashing out rhythms of industrial destruction, turning obsolete household items into horrifyingly loud waves of noise. A rubber exhaust hose at maximum amplification—THUMP! Center stage, the singer transfixes the motionless audience. Teased black hair, mascara, studded black leather pants and jacket—death with an electric guitar. Punishing the strings into an unintelligible din, he launches into an equally unintelligible and amelodic German rant that barely distinguishes itself above the jackhammer cacophony.

This is music?

This is Einsturzende Neubauten (Collapsing New Buildings), the West Berlin quartet that, along with a growing number of inventive new bands, is carrying the amphetamine blare of punk rock to its unnatural, but somehow inevitable, conclusion. Call them noise bands: Neubauten,

Test Department, Sonic Youth, Swans, Scraping Foetus off the Wheel, Carbon, Rat At Rat R, Live Skull and a mess of others are gleefully tromping on conventional notions of what constitutes music and pounding out exhilaratingly unpleasant, screamingly dissonant noise. It isn't everybody's idea of a good time, but for those who appreciate a sound wave with enough violence and twisted pain to fuse their eardrums together, this rock 'n' roll racket packs a cathartic kick that no other music can match.

PAIN MUSIC HAS AMPLE precedent, from Stravinski to Albert Ayler. Even Buddy Holly was originally pinned as sadistic, unlistenable noise. But

the current batch of noise boys owes its piercing din to the New York "no wave" bands of the late '70s. Running concurrently with the punk epidemic, bands such as Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, DNA, Mars, Theoretical Girls, and the Contortions inflicted walloping sonic blows on the few ears adventurous (or pretentious) enough to show their lobes in the dives where these bands played. James Chance (aka White, nee Siegfried) of the Contortions, a sadistic, arrogant cross between James Brown and Charles Manson, was no wave's most dynamic performer. Proto-nerd Arto Lindsay of DNA was its most thoughtfully experimental visionary. But Lydia Lunch of Teenage Jesus, a shrill,

• *Einsturzende Neubauten play love songs with power drills.*

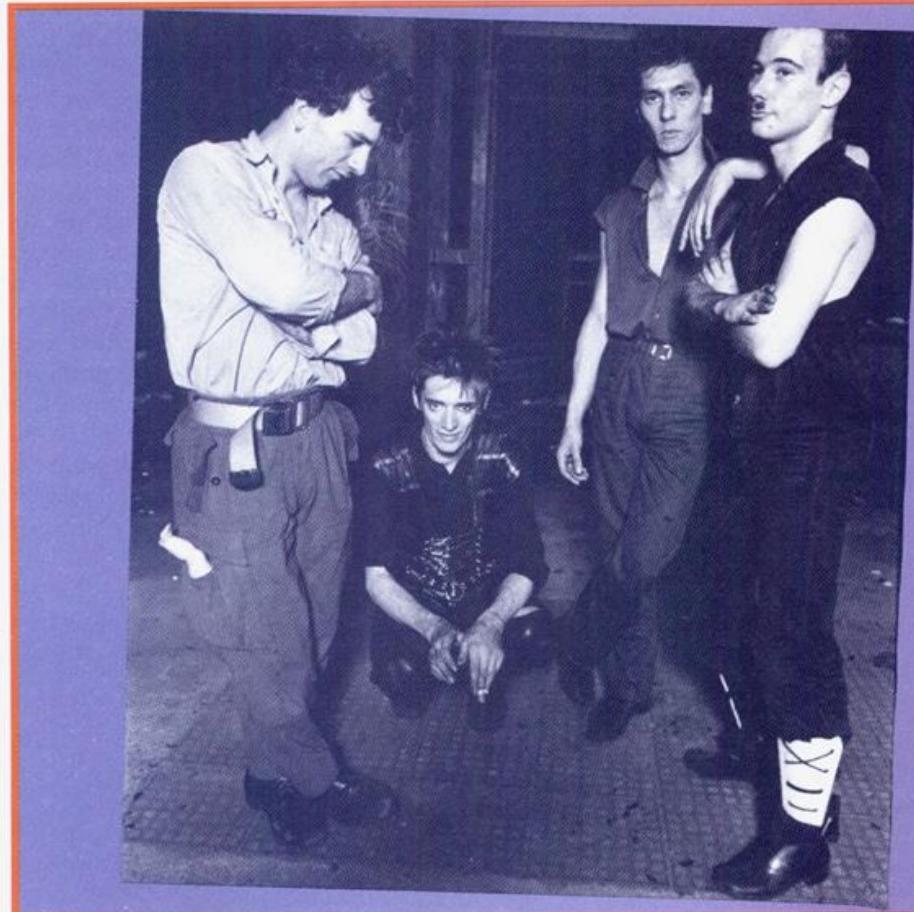


Photo by Bleddy Butcher

These LOUD bands make music that expresses anger, frustration and pain

obnoxious bundle of hate and boredom with an upstate New York accent, was its queen.

"I HATE LOUD MUSIC," says Her Highness, emitting a squeaky giggle. Lunch is sitting in the living room of the East Harlem apartment she shares with Jim Thirwell, the one-man band behind such classic noise acts as Foetus Under Glass, Phillip & His Foetus Vibrations, Foetus over Frisco, Foetus in Your Bed, You've Got Foetus on Your Breath, Scraping Foetus off the Wheel, Foetus-Art-Terrorism, The Foetus All-Nude Revue, and Foetus on the Beach. The apartment is drab but comfortable, filled with the type of unaccommodating and indestructible old furniture that is usually found in grandmothers' homes. Over iced coffee, the Lydia Lunch show, a one-woman, nonstop theatrical revue, discusses the reasons for making music that you could use to spear fish.

"It's the sound of going *u-u-u-n-n-n-n*," she says, closing with a guttural grunt. "It's that frustration, that pent-up release—the many sounds of blowing your top. What could be more valid than frustration? What do you feel more than frustration and irritation in life?

"Why do I make music like that? Because I don't have a machine gun. Because I haven't killed anyone."

Actually, Lydia Lunch doesn't make music like that any more. She has all but withdrawn from the music world to write short stories, poetry and theater pieces. "I always thought," she says, "especially when I was involved in Teenage Jesus, that it was really something that you only needed to hear once. That it existed is verification of its worth."

But her legacy continues. It's there in the abrasive, construction-site clangor of Neubauten and Test Department, in the dissonant, American-Gothic guitar screechings of Sonic Youth and Live Skull, in the skull-crushing thud of Swans. And in the frantic, grating dance music of the Foetus family.

J.G. THIRWELL IS TALL, thin and a lot more quietly friendly than you'd expect. Speaking softly with a discernible Australian accent, he talks about the Foetus method. "I try to make statements in a strong manner, because I'm making strong statements. I don't feel the need to write

songs about hanging out on a Sunday afternoon—to me that's not interesting or worth commenting upon." Like Lunch, Foetus embraces horrible noise for the opportunity to purge his demons. "It's a cathartic experience to get the more destructive emotions that I experience out of myself."

Foetus' music is as dizzying as Thirwell's many names for his one-man band. He jumps in and out of characters, jerking from blues to funk to gospel, and from comic to tragic. But all with one goal. From his Self Immolation manifesto: "Embracing negativism as reaffirmation and a tool. The opposite of escapism. Using the element of surprise through the usage of past cliché, knowledge, and 'home truths' being flung out of joint. And therefore used as a weapon or subversive force. Dross exists already... to create you must destroy. Fling filth at the pop kids! Someone has to redress the balance!"

"Does it feel," asks Lydia Lunch, "like a brick wall coming at you

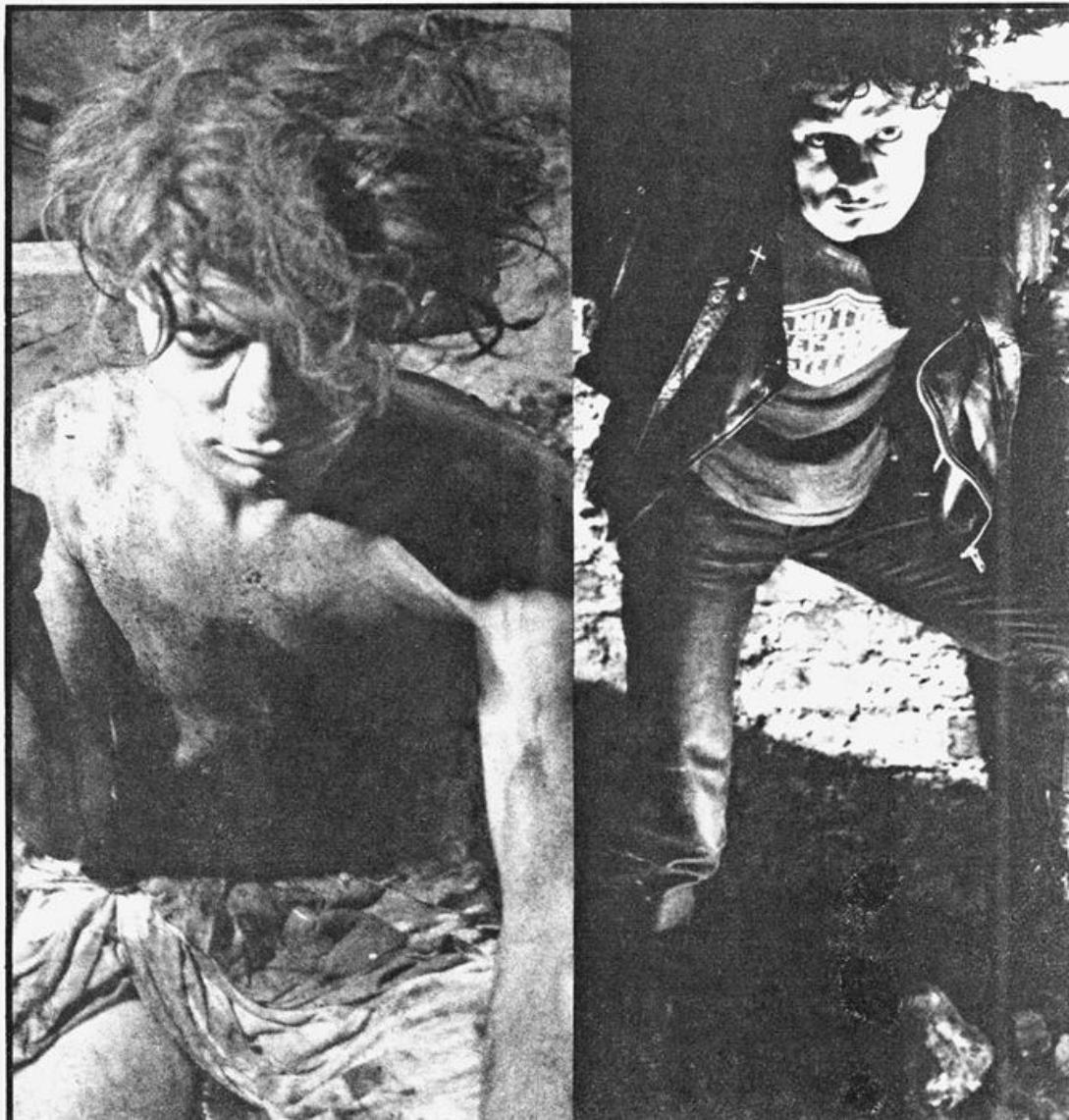
face?" We're now talking about Swans, the most uncompromising and unlistenable band in music. Swans' sonic barrage is like throbbing, deadening pain, crawling slowly off the floor and pounding directly on your nervous system. Pounding, pounding, pounding—slowly, deliberately—while singer Michael Gira purges the angst of a generation of Dada camp followers with lines such as "I'm dancing in my corpse." No, Lydia, it feels like an overly well-read despair merchant strapping himself in for the gloom trip of his life.

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN comes closer to actual physical destruction than any of the other noise bands. Neubauten shows often involve fire, Molotov cocktails and permanent architectural alterations. The band is fond of power drills.

After a modest intake of marijuana, percussionist Mufti Einheit is willing (sort of) to talk about what it all means. "It's mainly love songs," / continued on page 87

Photos by Peter Anderson

● J.G. Thirwell in two of his many Foetus incarnations.



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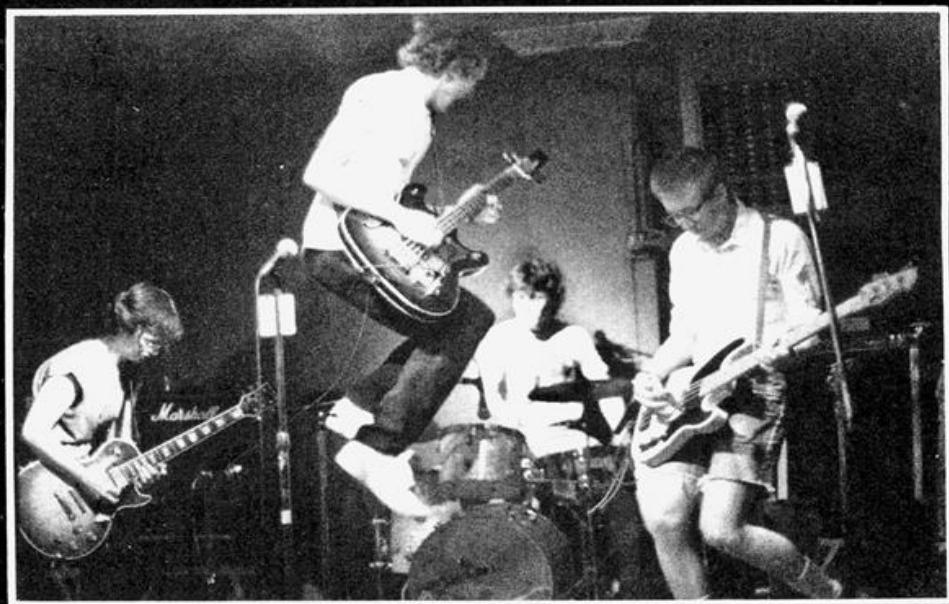
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HIGH 5IVES

Alternative Record Charts by John Leland

ALBUMS

1. **Antietam**, *Antietam* (Homestead). Raving, wild, loose, psychotic folk-punk, like the Velvet Underground running headlong from its own sonic barrage.
2. **Mofungo**, *Frederick Douglass* (Coyote). Sharp, listenable experimental rock, with shades of Minutemen deconstructivism and a garage Farfisa.
3. **Exene Cervenka & Wanda Coleman**, *Twin Sisters* (Freeway). The poetic tradition by way of Hollywood sleaze.
4. **Volcano Suns**, *The Bright Orange Years* (Homestead). A former member of Mission of Burma leads the Suns on an overloaded gonzoid guitar exploit that would make the fat boys from Hüsker Dü stand up and listen.
5. **Offenders**, *Endless Struggle* (Rabid Cat). Thrash punk metal delivers a devastating sonic kerunch.

SINGLES & EPs

1. **Deja Voodoo**, *Too Cool to Live, Too Smart to Die*, EP (Midnight). Two ugly guys from Canada rip off so many roots sources it isn't funny, and bastardize it all into a crude batch of sludgeability. Gross fun.
2. **The Form**, "It Happens That Way" b/w "All the Young Dudes"

(Twin Tone). Unruly, juvenile speed-rock, like the Replacements before they outgrew Bob's basement.

Expect no glam from the Bowie cover on the B-side.

3. **D. ST.**, "The Home of Hip Hop" (Celluloid). Herbie Hancock's wheel man raps about the Bronx.

4. **Outlets**, "If I Were the One" b/w "Can't Cheat the Reaper" (One Way). Hooky garage pop with some of the exhaust fumes still polluting the guitar.

5. **Fats Comet**, "D.J.'s Dream" (World). An Adrian Sherwood sound collage, hip-hop style.

HIGH 5IVES INFO

Homestead, Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-1570

Coyote, 2541 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404

Freeway, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404

Rabid Cat, Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765

Midnight, Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011

Twin Tone, 2541 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404

Celluloid, 155 W. 29 St., New York, NY 10001

One Way, c/o Brooks Whelan, 111 Willard St., Quincy, MA

World, 184 Norfolk St. #6C, New York, NY 10002

Noise

/ continued from page 85

he says, and stands by his statement. "Using different instruments and playing a different kind of music doesn't mean that you can't sing about love. I don't even know if our music is violent. We've got lots of energy in it. We just tried to make the music wider."

"The only rule we have is, as the name says, collapsing new buildings—using music to collapse structures. It's just like the title of our album: *Drawings of O.T.* O.T. was a mental patient and he made thousands of drawings, all the same—just legs and a head. Our songs are like that. That's our comment on everything." Einsturzende Neubauten are rock's truest primitivists.

A live Neubauten show is an incredible rush of anarchic energy, a startling new approach to music. But after the band makes its initial point, the format restricts it from articulating anything else. The noise bands are enjoying a moment of relative popularity, but are by nature subject to Emperor's-new-clothes aestheticism. After all, deliberately creating unpleasant noise defeats most criticism. How do you criticize agony? The bands are hard to listen to and not always worth the trouble. Their music hasn't got the political foundation of Ayler's squawking or the emotional depth of Coltrane's last recordings. This music isn't for everybody; it's too harsh, too specific. It will never make elevator music.

BUT AT ITS BEST, the music confronts raw experience: the anger, rage, frustration that pound through real lives and can't be addressed by polished corporate rock. Conveying these harsh emotions requires loud, screaming noise—the sound of fingernails on a blackboard or a razor blade scraping against a nerve ending—sonic pain that carries you with it on a reeling, cathartic bender. You can't rightly take it to the beach, and I'd hate to make it my only musical diet. But for a head-to-toe emotional purgation, there's nothing like it.

The faint of heart may not survive it. But as Foetus says, "Well, ain't that just too bad." □

NORML's Message to Political Leaders

With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

Yet, this year over 30 million Americans will take advantage of an immense tax loophole. They will evade paying over \$15 billion in tax revenue. Isn't it time to stop this tremendous drain on our nation's economic resources?

American agricultural entrepreneurs have created a new revenue source for our economy, despite resistance and interference from the government bureaucracy. This new market represents an economic boon for America's farmers, and a potential new source of tax revenue.

Despite government interference, this crop has become the largest agricultural commodity in the United States, larger than wheat, corn, or soybeans. The farmers, wholesalers, and retailers of this crop earn over \$30 billion a year without paying a penny in taxes.

These entrepreneurs have enjoyed an



unprecedented free market under both Republican and Democratic administrations, but we think it's time the government makes them pay their fair share of tax dollars. As recently as 1982 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the regulation of this important new cash crop, just as a Presidential Commission did 10 years ago. Opponents claim that, like tobacco, it is harmful to health. Yet the government subsidizes the tobacco market so farmers can receive \$1.70 a pound, while it outlaws this new crop which would bring farmers ten times that without government subsidy.

What is this new crop? Well, so much misinformation has been spread about it that you probably haven't guessed. It's marijuana, one of the most lucrative and wide-spread "tax shelters" of all time. Marijuana policy has been an expensive failure America can no longer afford. Bring it under control, keep it away from children, create new tax revenues, take billions of dollars from crime, fund a credible drug education program, and help reduce the deficit.

Marijuana, it's time for a new look.

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Filming the Teen Wasteland

by Jim Farber

PENELOPE SPHEERIS, THE WOMAN who created slam-dance cinema, is at it again. Her first two movies captured the grittiest elements of L.A.'s spiky-haired punk scene, both as documentary (1981's *The Decline Of Western Civilization*) and fiction (1984's *Suburbia*). Now her latest, *The Boys Next Door*, is a little number about two clean-cut kids who one day decide to murder everyone in sight. Okay, so Spheeris is not Steven Spielberg. But why exactly has she decided to devote all of her movies so far to violent teenage wasteland? "I think we live in a very violent world today and I'm fascinated by that," the 39-year-old director explains from her Laurel Canyon home. "It also comes from my own personal experience because I was raised in a very violent environment."

To say the least. Spheeris' home life growing up in L.A. sounds like snatches from the most extreme punk lyrics you've ever heard. Her father, who worked in a carnival, was murdered when she was eight. Her mother was married nine times and was an alcoholic. Her brother was killed by a drunk driver last year. Need we go on? "We were having dinner the other night—my family and I," Penelope says. "And my sister said, 'You know, looking back over our past it's really amazing that any of us survived!'"

Coming from this environment, Spheeris' film career started off understandably offbeat. Her very first student film when she was at UCLA was a love story about a drag queen and a lesbian. After that, she worked as an editor on some educational films, and then in 1974 found herself doing promo films for rock bands (this was years before there existed such a monstrosity as rock video). She called her company



• *Cuttin' Up: Spheeris edits her new film, The Boys Next Door.*

Rock 'n' Reel, and for the next three years shot everyone from Funkadelic to (I-kid-you-not) Mac Davis. "Probably if I'd stayed in that business I would have been real rich and real unhappy by now," she says.

Instead she had an offer from Lorne Michaels to work on a show just getting started, to be called *Saturday Night Live*. Not wanting to move to New York, she begged off, but Michaels wound up matching her with another sun-tan-land talent, Albert Brooks. Together the two contributed seven films to *Saturday Night Live* and subsequently Spheeris produced Brooks' first movie—the brilliant Loud family parody *Real Life* (1979). It was around this time that Spheeris "started going to strange music shows," as she calls them. "Albert and everybody thought I was a little bent for it, which I probably was."

HANGING AROUND the "strange" punks, Spheeris soon had the brain-storm to do a documentary about the scene. "When I was in college

I didn't like all the silly old B&W movies with Cary Grant. I liked the documentaries," she explains. "I loved the work of Frederick Wiseman (*Meat, Model, Boot Camp*). And it was a natural that this music scene needed to be documented."

As it turned out, her "decline" movie captured a seminal piece of music history—the birth of the hardcore movement. But at the time, back in '81, many opinion-setting New York snobs were loath to believe anything of worth could be coming out of L.A. "It was a hard pill for me to swallow that it (the film) wasn't accepted very well in New York," Spheeris says. "Now, I know it had a lot to do with snobism, but then I thought, 'Maybe I'm just rationalizing.'"

While *Decline* may have had historical value and many insightful scenes, overall it still lacked some needed documentary distance. Spheeris seemed to be overawed by the punks, rather than just fascinated. "That's true," she quickly / continued on next page

Penelope Spheeris' movies look at life on the edge with an unblinking eye

admits. "I'll cop to that."

Her next film, *Suburbia*, was much more "objective," which made it better art but harder for many audiences to relate to. "[Audiences] want a film to take sides—*Suburbia* doesn't do that," she explains. "The reason I like Frederick Wiseman's documentaries is because he can do a film about boot camp that the hardcore 'your-mother-is-a-maggot'

sergeants like and the peace freaks also like. I know that's really disconcerting to a lot of people."

A lot of people were also thrown off by the title *Suburbia*. Instead of setting her movie in a universal sani-fresh 7-11 land, she chose the very specific milieu of L.A.-area punkdom. The idea was to present that mohawked world as an ironic representation of the dark side of youth-dominated malls everywhere. Interestingly, the film is being re-released this year under the title *Rebel Streets*. So much for irony.

Spheeris' movies also subvert

people's expectations by not being punksploration numbers à la *Class of 1984*. She makes serious, wild youth movies.

Speaking of *Suburbia* she says: "I think the general audience reaction was to dismiss it because they thought it wasn't true," the director explains. "I took all the situations in the film from real life occurrences. I went around and interviewed lots of kids who lived in these conditions. If people want to dismiss it as not being true, that's okay because someday they'll find out that it is when it's too late."

ries in the '70s.)

Club Paradise is a "heroic comedy" that stars Williams and Cliff as owners of a rundown hotel on a tiny island in the West Indies. This Warner Brothers flick has all the elements to be the hip comedy of the year—if not the decade. Pray to Jah that it doesn't become infested with a certain snortable substance that turned two other seemingly sure-fire comedy classics (*1941* and *The Blues Brothers*) into dope-addled debacles. As long as all the principals recall Williams' immortal line that "Cocaine is God's way of telling you you're making too much money," and steer clear of the nose candy, *Club Paradise* should be one wild movie. Now if we can only figure out how to hold our breath till spring...

Screen Scene

• It's midway into the fall of '85, and already we're starting to hold our breath for the coolest film we've heard about in ages. Problem is, we're gonna turn a million shades of blue from this breath-holdin' business, 'cause the film in question is not due for release till next spring. But, man, does it ever sound like it's worth waiting for! The film is called *Club Paradise*, and the creative team involved gives new meaning to the much-overused word "awesome." We're talkin' un-freakin'-believable here. Let's start with the cast: Robin Williams, reggae great Jimmy (The Harder They Come) Cliff, Peter O'Toole, Adolph Caesar (Oscar-nominated this year for his smashing portrayal of the tough-as-nails sergeant in *A Soldier's Story*), Twiggy, Joanna Cassidy (excellent in *Under Fire* and great in the short-lived-but-sensational sitcom *Buffalo Bill*), and ex-SCTV/Saturday Night Live stars Robin Duke, Joe Flaherty, Mary Gross, Eugene Levy (hyper-hilarious as the crazed scientist in *Splash*), Andrea Martin, Rick Moranis (one of the beer-n'-bacon-crazed McKenzie Brothers and a world-class nerd in *Ghostbusters*), and Bryan Doyle-Murray (Bill's older bro). On the other side of the camera, things are equally manic-creative, with Harold Ramis directing (he cowrote, di-

rected and starred in *G'busters*, directed Nat Lamp's *Vacation* and *Caddyshack*, and wrote or cowrote *Animal House*, *Meatballs* and *Stripes*) and cowriting the screenplay with Doyle-Murray, and Michael (The Big Chill) Shamberg producing. (If Shamberg's connection with the yupped-out *Big Chill* leaves you cold, rest assured that his counterculture credentials are otherwise impeccable; he was a main figure in Top Value Television—TVTV—a radical vid-group that produced some great antiestablishment documenta-



• Paradise Pair: Robin Williams, Jimmy Cliff in *Club Paradise*.

IF MULTIPLEX AUDIENCES weren't turned on by *Suburbia*, they may be even more reticent about the new *The Boys Next Door*, which is about demented killer teenagers. Spheeris says this is her favorite of her three features, but it's also probably the darkest. "The ironic thing about *The Boys Next Door* is that like *Badlands*, *Taxi Driver* or *In Cold Blood*, once you get to know the killers, you like them. They're fun-loving kids, but they do these horrible acts—so it's a little off-putting."

"The reason I did the film was, I hope it will give people some insight into this personality-type, so that maybe you could spot it. I'm talking about two kids walking around, totally wound up with anger. They're like walking time bombs ready to go off at the drop of a pin."

At her best, the art of Penelope Spheeris' films is that she's able to make such fringe characters seem less like sicko case histories than actual weirdos you may know. "I'm interested in real life—not fantasy," she says. "To me that's more interesting, profound and unbelievable."

In the Hollywood Star Wars world, though, Spheeris' love of reality makes the going tough. "I finished *The Boys Next Door* in January and I can't tell you how depressing it is to work so long and hard on a project and then have to wait what will be nine months before it's released. New World Pictures is trying to figure out how to market it because it's not an exploitation film. It's a picture with something pretty important to say about violence in this country. They've never had a picture like that, so they don't have a formula for how to market it."

At first, New World wanted to go for pure exploitation and retitle it *Killer's Holiday*. But then they switched to a serious route. Still, there's a limited audience out there for pictures like Spheeris', which tell people things about the frustration in society and in themselves that they'd really rather not hear. True, her last two movies didn't lose money, but in order to get more leverage in the future, Spheeris says: "I'm probably going to have to branch out a bit. Fact is, as times get tougher people want escapist entertainment more and more." She pauses and laughs. "So you'll probably see me doing *Police Academy III* pretty soon." □

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Masterwar Theater

by Laura Cottingham

■ *America's War Machine: The Pursuit of Global Dominance*, by Tom Gervasi, Grove Press, New York, N.Y. \$14.95 (paper).

WAR, AND ITS PREPARATION, have become a bad habit in these United States of America. Oh, the government and Surgeon General would have us all believe that cigarettes are America's Number One Bad Habit. While greedy multinationals stuff their sewage up our asses, our nostrils, our noses and our eyes, and our pathetically old, macho president rides his imaginary American stud into the

Wild West he calls Russia, it's comforting to know our gravest national health threat comes in a colorful box of twenty. Inhaling tobacco isn't healthy, I'm sure. But who and what should the Surgeon General really be warning us about?

For a complete catalogue of the biggest, scariest, most threatening health hazards ever on the face of the globe, check out Tom Gervasi's *America's War Machine: The Pursuit of Global Dominance*, part three in his *Arsenal of Democracy* series.

THIS IS A BOOK like the one Robert MacNamara and his friends order Christmas presents from; it includes an assemblage of weapons info, as well as a political critique of their marketing, usage and existence. Page 269 lists the MIM-23 HAWK, "the most sophisticated, maneuverable and reliable surface-to-air missile in the world." It weighs 1,294 pounds and has a 22-mile, 96-percent kill rate. In 1974, our United States sent 10 HAWK Battery Sets (complete units) to Saudi Arabia and in 1976 we sent them two more. War is big business for the Federal Money Exchangers we call government: the Saudis paid us \$270 million American dollars in 1974; \$1.4 billion American dollars in 1976.

According to Tom Gervasi, the United States "has spent more than \$2.6 trillion on the military since 1946 and has planned to spend a total of \$2.6 trillion more between 1982 and 1989." Where does Ronnie get his money? Not from Hollywood back royalties from his screen appearances, you can be sure. According to Gervasi, our gargantuan military spending budget was provided when "the Reagan Administration announced a radical reorganization of national priori-

Arsenal clinically documents America's

OH MY GOD!

BOOKS & PERIODICALS FOR
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ties, and with it [came] a violent shift in the nation's economic resources."

WE AREN'T JUST SELLING stuff to the Saudis; we're also giving away and saving, of course, the bulk of the world's nastiest machinery for ourselves. Gervasi says we can afford those expensive toys this way: "Dismantling more than half a century of social legislation, the Reagan administration authorized cuts of \$44.4 billion in domestic social programs in its first year in office. According to the Congressional Budget Office, it made further cuts totalling \$75.8 billion in these programs from 1982 through 1985. All of this money is appropriated for the military. Because not even this, however, would suffice to pay its military debts, the Reagan administration also ran the government into debt. The federal deficit, which stood at \$61 billion in 1980, now runs at an average annual rate of \$200 billion."

Not everything the United States Defense owns is included in this book; the United States Munitions List records thousands of articles of defense equipment; Gervasi's book holds less than six hundred. One of the most glaring omissions is a lack of information on U.S. strategic nuclear weapons and their delivery systems.

But if you pay taxes (or even if you don't), page through *America's War Machine* to see where your money is going. □

□ **SUCK**, the First European Sexpaper. Find out what the coke-sniffing jet-set does when the doors are closed. Instantly arousing. Very special collector's items. Available from the publisher. Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8 — Circle your choice(s). \$10 each

□ **NATURAL JEWBOY** by William Levy (Amsterdam (1981)). This book, if properly understood, could even cure cancer! "An annual straight out of Discordia... an underground cult classic". — *Home Grown* (London) — One hundred and twenty pages of stories and persuasions, with drawings by Peter Pontiac. \$10 paperback; \$25 hardboard in burlap and goat's skin

□ **RADIO ART: A Print Culture Transmission** (Amsterdam 1981). Includes "Careers in Radio Art" by William Levy; *The End of the Graven Image: A Rart Manifesto*; and an annotated checklist of first radio works by Willem de Ridder. "Une nouvelle forme d'art!" — *Charlie Hebdo* (Paris) \$5.

□ **RAG: Radio Art Guide** (Utrecht 1981). Documents the history and development of Radio Art of Willem de Ridder, transmissions together with items of effect research. Written and made up by the artist in cooperation with William Levy. Sixty four pages, fully illustrated. \$10

□ **JEREMIAD CHANTS** by William Levy (Amsterdam-Genoa 1979). A small, funny book of ranting poetic froth. "I show it to everybody" — Ken Kesey. \$5

□ **THE FANATIC: A Paper of Passion** (Amsterdam 1976). Suicide Notes, The Best of Anti-Semitism (previously unpublished work of L.F. Céline and Ezra Pound), Sexual Jealousy, Keys to Ring and Why phanatic? "Strange" — *Star* (Barcelona); "Revolutionary" — *Screw* (New York). \$5

□ **OFFICIAL LYNCHING OF MICHAEL ABDUL MALIK**: Souvenir programme (London - Cambridge 1973). "A writer of considerable distinction". — William Burroughs. Edited & with biographical notes by William Levy and John Michell. Rare, \$10.

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VideoVision



• *James Dean in East of Eden, part of The Dean Legacy videotape.*

• Speaking of cool, the man who was the veritable celluloid definition of the word is now available on videotape, and, again, the price is right. James Dean, who showed kids in the '50s how *not* to be nerds, and embodied the "live fast, die young, and leave a beautiful corpse" credo, made only three films before he totaled his Porsche and himself along with it. Those three films, *East of Eden*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant* have just become available in a specially priced package called "The Dean Legacy." The \$99 tab for the package is one of the great bargains in homevid history. *Giant*, though the most "epic" of the three films in scale and running time (if memory serves, it clocks in at over three hours), is the least valuable in terms of the Dean legacy. He is *not* the star of *Giant* (the barely-bearable Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor are the central characters), his screen time is limited—although he *does* have some truly memorable moments—and his final speech was dubbed by another actor. (Dean died shortly after filming was completed, and recording quality of his final monologue was unacceptable.) But the beauty of home video is that you can fast-forward by the Rock 'n' Liz parts and play only the Dean scenes. As for the other films, *East of Eden* was an overheated Elia Kazan version

of (one section of) the John Steinbeck novel, with a somewhat mannered but still smashing portrayal by Dean as the "bad" brother in an updating of the Cain and Abel story. And what can one say about *Rebel Without a Cause*? That it is undoubtedly the greatest teen-flick of all times? That Dean's portrayal has had a profound influence on every quality screen actor in the last three decades? That it, along with an early TV appearance by Elvis, changed this writer's life at the tender age of six? That, all artistic and social implications aside, it just happens to be one fab flick? Yes, one can say all that and so much more. But the best thing to say is buy it, watch it, and see for yourself.

• File this one under the weird-but-true section of TV trivia. NBC recently finished production of an authorized (by Yoko) bioflick called *Imagine: The Story of John and Yoko*. Originally cast to play John was an unknown British bricklayer-turned-actor (Lennon would've loved that—a real working-class hero!) named Mark Lindsay. The actor was fired, however, when it was learned that Lindsay was only a stage name. The actor's real name? Mark Chapman. (For those of you lucky enough to have forgotten the details of that horrible event, the man who shot John was Mark David Chapman.)

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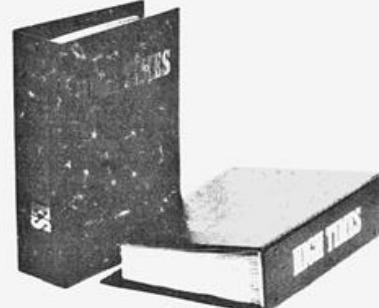
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In Pursuit of the Ultimate High

by William Meyers

YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE I FIRST began working here within these astrally cobwebbed corridors of HIGH TIMES. I've seen a lot of trips go down and a host of vagrant souls pass through. But one of the constants I've clung to in the onrush of variables, like a palm tree in a hurricane, has been a certain Xerox-copy of a letter to the editor that was thumbtacked to one of the bulletin boards when I first arrived here and is on my wall even now. It says:

Hi Times,

Stay true to the old '60s dream. You were born from the hearts and souls of flower children, and are destined to carry the words of truth.

Like it or not... many people look to you for a direction in these very hard times. You have a moral duty to the "Old Heads" of the world to continue your good work! You must keep alive the Spirit, and resist the cancer of professional compromise. Your purpose of existence is to hold the Golden Joint high, and lead the way to Quality, Truth, and the pursuit of the Ultimate High!

*—Gandalf the White
Upstate N.Y.*

Now you may think this person—whoever Gandalf may be—sounds a little naive, or perhaps a bit archaic with the use of all that hippie jargon. But consider for a moment what an attractive, almost irresistible opportunity we're presented with every day to become cynical and depressed—to completely bum out. Then lay that defense mechanism aside, give this guy some credence, and dig what his letter really tells us.

Most importantly, it tells us that HIGH TIMES was originally conceived with high ideals in mind, at an optimistic time in our cultural history when exploring altered states of consciousness was believed to be a new and exciting method of psychoanalytic self-improvement, possibly even a path to spiritual enlightenment—certainly an effective means for breaking through the habitual, ingrained barriers that keep us apart and at odds with each other. We're told that the magazine was meant to uphold those high ideals by not forgetting or let-

ting any of us forget the higher functions of getting stoned, or what being "high" really means. Don't take your ideals for granted, and don't take your magazine for granted, or you might end up with neither—and definitely not high. In what Gandalf describes as these "very hard times," that would be a sweet victory for the forces of repression, and a triumph of cynicism—or terminal "professional compromise."

The letter also reminds us of those principles which the magazine was originally intended to navigate by, and which in one form or another were revealed to so many of us at the time through the agency of heavy psychedelics. The revolutionary vision behind those principles seemed so self-evident

which was the new redemption of marijuana as a minor but genuine psychedelic—a much abused substance discovered anew to be innately *sacramental*, in that it was profoundly capable of bringing about *mental* states that could well be described as *sacred*.

So what's sacred? Nothing much really, if you go along with the cynics. But how about Truth, as Gandalf puts it? If not Truth, what? When you get right down to it, the heaviest thing that dropping acid and smoking pot turned out to have in common was the unavoidable, sometimes fearful revelation of—*oh my God, anything but that*—the Truth. Suddenly, with the kind of vision that psychedelics afford to greater and lesser degrees, the illusions and games and power-trips that ordinarily ensnare us all become understandable, manipulable, surmountable. Because, as one gradually realizes, we're all actually capable of change.

The potential for bringing about the realization that you not only can change yourself but you can change the world is the real, inherent power of psychedelics that distinguishes them from all the other recreational drugs we knock ourselves out with. And that's the threat they present to the *status quo* which keeps the established, repressive forces always busy trying to wipe them out.

So, however "professionally compromised" it may seem around the edges sometimes in order to survive within a capitalist economy, bear this in mind: HIGH TIMES was originally one of many unique, high-energy manifestations of a psychedelic age and subculture. Whether or not its founders were ever stoned on acid themselves, they were expressive of the spirit of an age that was shaped by acid, when they established the magazine as a vehicle for *truth about drugs*. And it is the unalloyed, uninhibited, unameliorated, awesome Truth as revealed by drugs that genuinely get you *high* that HIGH TIMES was mandated—and is still expected—to communicate.

Devotion to that ideal, as Gandalf knows, is the Ultimate High. □

**"You must
keep alive the
Spirit, and resist
the cancer of
professional
compromise."**

and universally apprehensible to us that there wasn't the faintest shadow of a doubt it was being rapidly implemented with every tab of acid being dropped and every mind being blown—effecting a revolution in planetary consciousness from which—*20,000 light-years from home*—there could be no going back.

How ABOUT THAT Golden Joint? Marijuana having been so thoroughly defamed over the last decade by government-manipulated media—not to mention the spiritual devaluation that's resulted from inflated prices—the idea of the Golden Joint must surely seem to the oblivious self-actualizer of the '80s to be among the more quaintly antiquated new-age notions. But here's the important point:

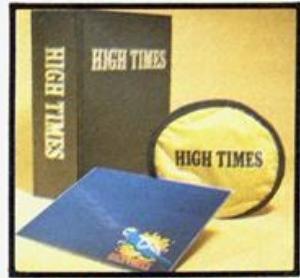
The sudden explosion of LSD-25 into the consciousness of our culture brought about an overwhelming number of irreversible changes and some astonishing transmutations on the side, not least of

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you think about the issues that concern us all. Send your opinionated essay to "Sound Off," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. All submissions should be 500-700 words typed, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed if you want your essay returned.

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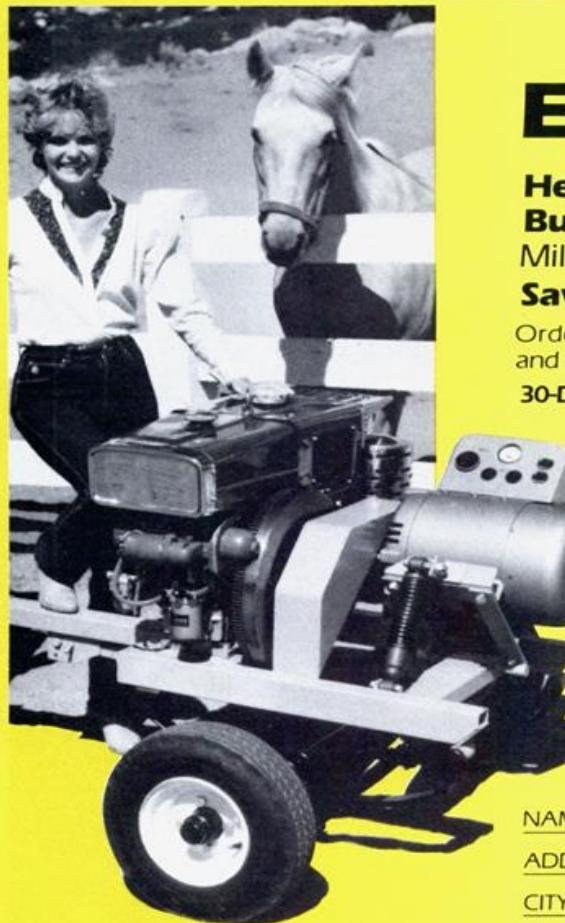
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● **IT'S HARVEST TIME!**: The plants are high and ready for pickin'. All the work of the spring and summer is about to pay off. It's harvest time! In celebration of this joyous season, we're proud to present a special issue, packed with mouth-watering photos, tales of harvests past and tips from experts on this year's harvest. Whether you're a grower, a smoker or just plain curious, this is a feature you won't want to miss!

● **DUMB DOPE QUESTIONS—AND SMART ANSWERS:** A full 50 years after the Reefer Madness era—and 11 years after HIGH TIMES started printing the truth—some people are still pretty stupid when it comes to drugs. OK, let's be kind and just say they're misinformed. However you phrase it, the fact is our resident drug and science expert, Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer, fields a fistful of dumb dope

questions on an almost daily basis. In this fun-yet-fact-packed piece, Dean distills some of the most-often-asked—and most misinformed—drug-related queries and sets the questioners straight with that most precious commodity, the truth about drugs.

● **TWENTY COOL COLLEGES:** OK, OK, we know we promised this one to you for last month's issue. But once word leaked out that we were choosing 20 Cool Colleges, we were flooded with calls and letters from students and alumni demanding to know if their schools were among the cool—and if not, why not? This forced a serious—and frivolous—reevaluation on our part. Henceforth, next month, better late than never, HIGH TIMES' eagerly awaited list of 20 Cool Colleges.

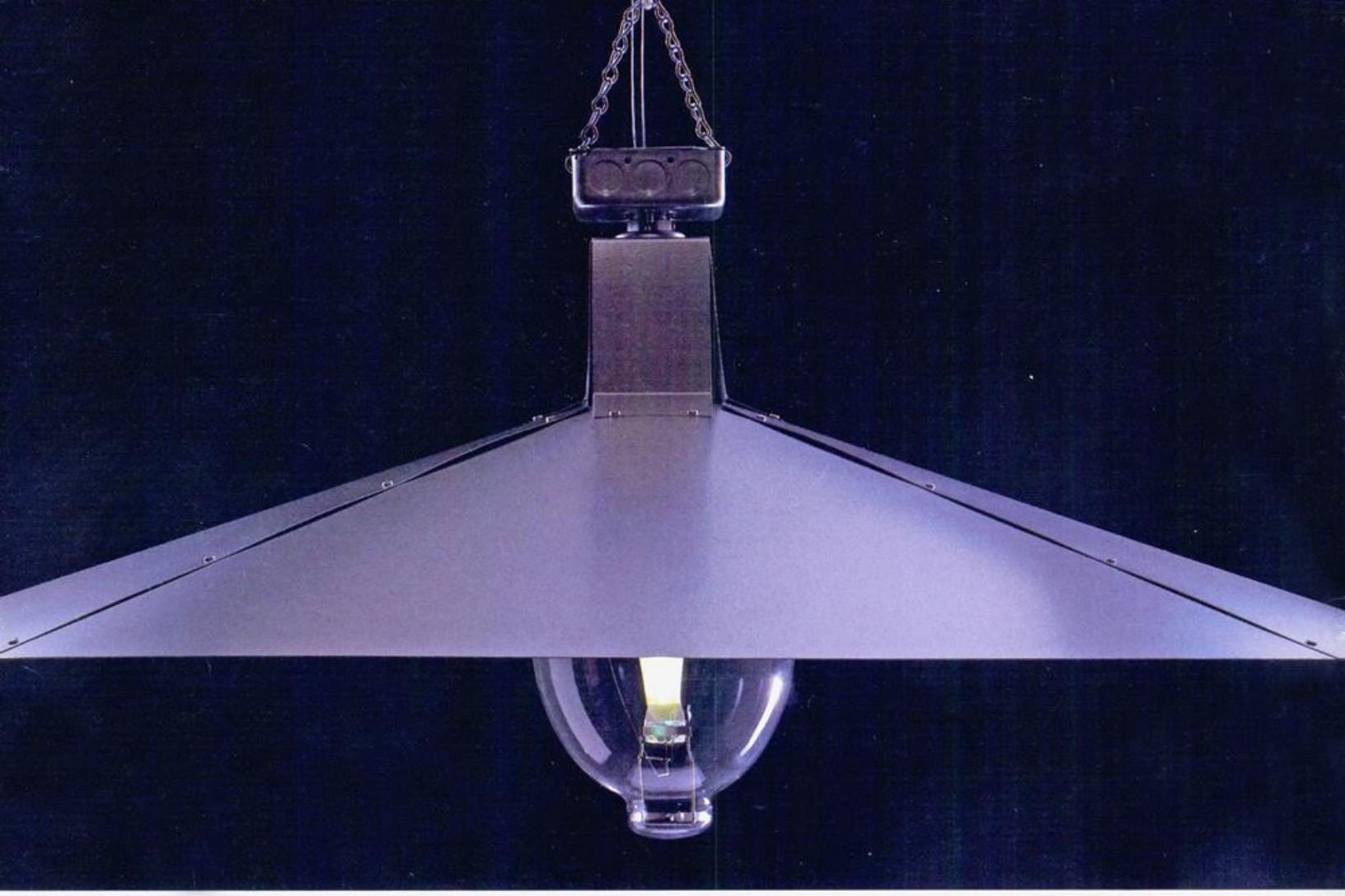
● **PLUS:** The reawakening of student activism, the power of Green Politics, an antinuke art exhibition, and the all-time greatest Jamaican dope songs. Happy harvest!



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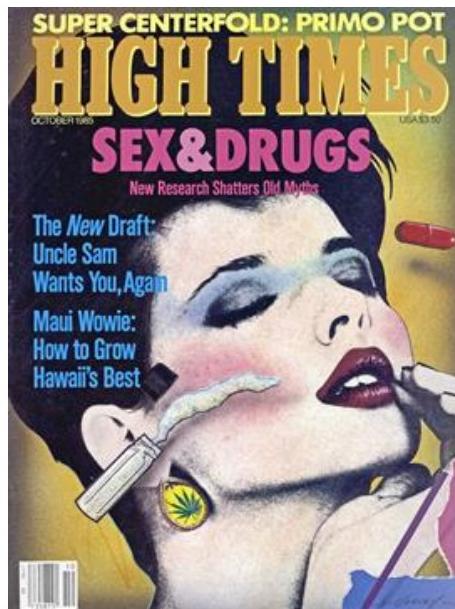
to mention prices that make our competition squirm.

Our systems exceed and surpass bulb and ballast manufacturers' codes. Each system is equipped with a Jefferson or Advance low-noise ballast and capacitor, solidly mounted in a steel box uniquely designed to maintain the ballast and capacitor at their optimum running tempera-



High Times

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